May 1969
75¢

Ramparts

Portnoy as Super Jew
Universities on the Take
In Memoriam: Ben Shahn
Isadora Agonistes

Pacification
in Viet-Nam

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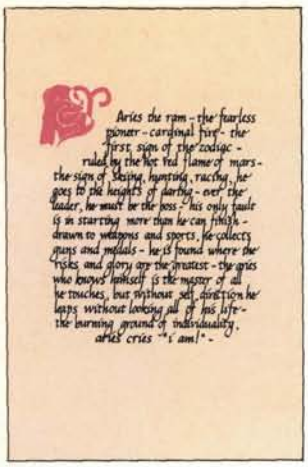
HERE'S WHERE IT'S AT...

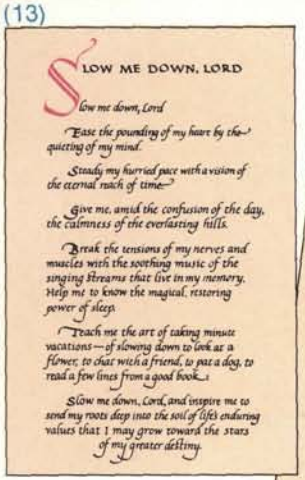

Aries the ram - the fearless pioneer - cardinal fire - the first sign of the zodiac - ruled by the hot red flame of mars - the sign of blazing, hunting, racing, he goes to the heights of daring - ever the leader, he must be the boss - his only fault is in starting more than he can finish - drawn to weapons and sports, he collects guns and medals - he is found where the risks and glory are the greatest - the aries who knows himself is the master of all he touches, but without self direction he leaps without looking all of his life - the burning ground of individuality, aries cries "I am!"

(1) Aries Sizes 5¾ x 8¾

ZODIAC POST CARDS

(2) Taurus
(3) Gemini
(4) Cancer
(5) Leo
(6) Virgo
(7) Libra
(8) Scorpio
(9) Sagittarius
(10) Capricorn
(11) Aquarius
(12) Pisces

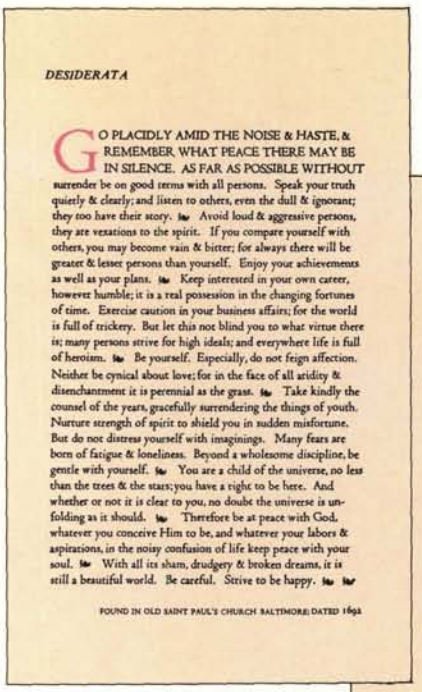
(13)


SLOW ME DOWN, LORD
Slow me down, Lord
Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind.
Steady my hurried pace with a vision of the eternal reach of time.
Give me, amid the confusion of the day, the calmness of the everlasting hills.
Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory.
Help me to know the magical, restoring power of sleep.
Teach me the art of taking minute vacations — of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pat a dog, to read a few lines from a good book.
Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values that I may grow toward the stars of my greater destiny.

Scrolls POST CARDS

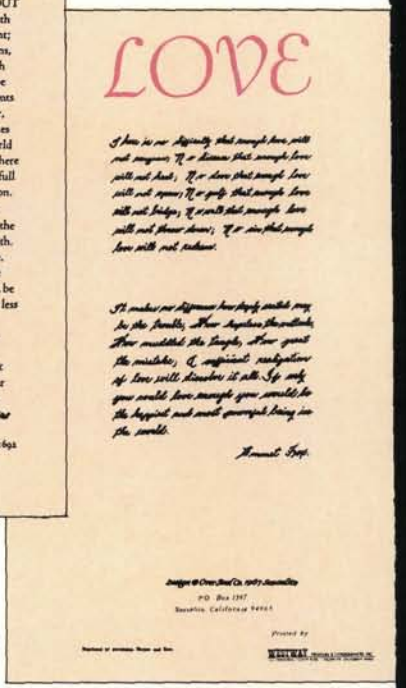
(14)

(13) Slow Me Down Lord
(14) Joy
(15) Desiderata
(16) Love
(17) Peace
(18) Friendship
(19) Rubaiyat
(20) If

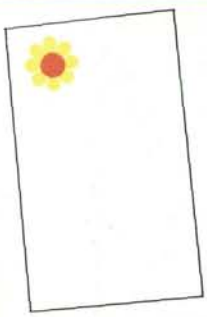

DESIDERATA
GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.
FOUND IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH BALTIMORE DATED 1692

A Large 12½ x 20"

Dated 1692



(22) Love

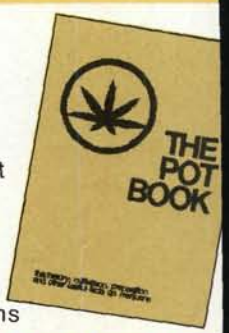


FLOWER NOTE PAD

4¾ x 8½

(23) Large Small

THE POT BOOK
by Mota-West



(24) Full illustrations

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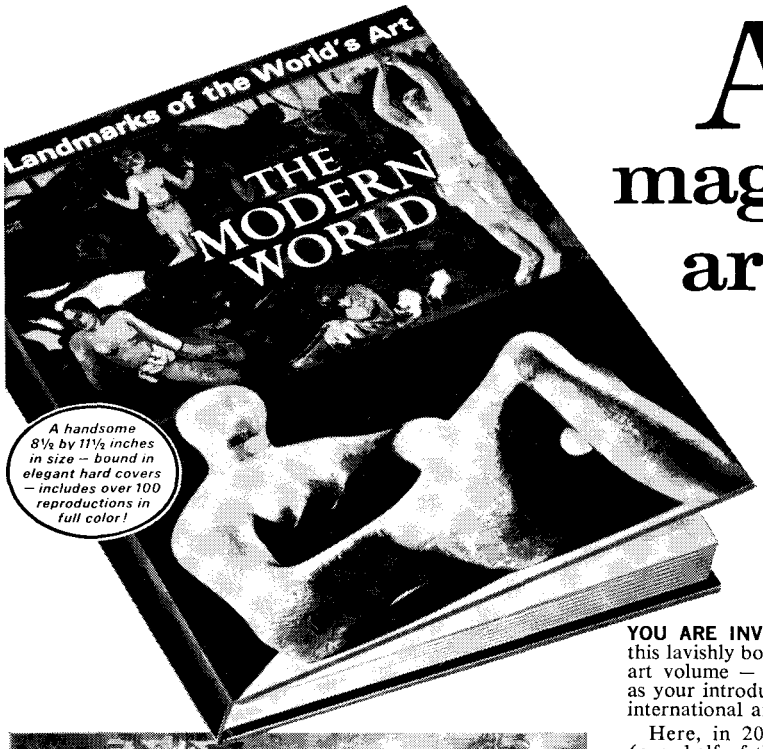

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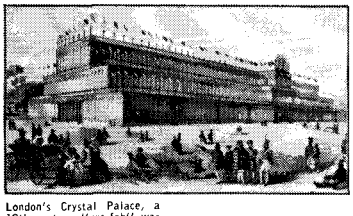
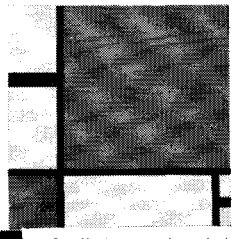
A "modern" of the French Revolution, Jacques Louis David turned to ancient Rome for inspiration. His brilliant neoclassic style became so popular it was imitated in clothes, coiffures, and furniture.



London's Crystal Palace, a 19th century "pre-fab" was modelled after glass greenhouses. Its designer was a landscape gardener named William Paxton.



Piet Mondrian started as a landscape painter, eventually simplified everything he saw into compositions of vertical and horizontal lines.

A feathery softness distinguishes this Seated Bather of Renoir, whose paintings celebrate the beauty of women and the sweetness of friendship.

Umberto Boccioni's bronze figure in motion takes its inspiration from the fluttering draperies of Baroque and Hellenistic sculpture.

An ancient Gothic cathedral or a sand castle? Guess again. This is an "art nouveau" church by the Spanish architect Gaudi, whose buildings have a very special hand-molded "vegetable" look.

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Simply mail the post card. We will enter your trial subscription and ship you a copy of *The Modern World* for 10 days examination. If you are thrilled with the volume, and wish to continue as a subscriber, send only $1, plus shipping. Thereafter, you will be offered a new LANDMARKS book every two months at the subscribers' low price of only $4.95. If not delighted, however, just return the initial volume, tell us you do not wish to continue, and you will be under no further obligation. LANDMARKS OF THE WORLD'S ART, McGraw-Hill Book Company, 330 West 42 Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

Among forthcoming volumes in Landmarks of the World's Art

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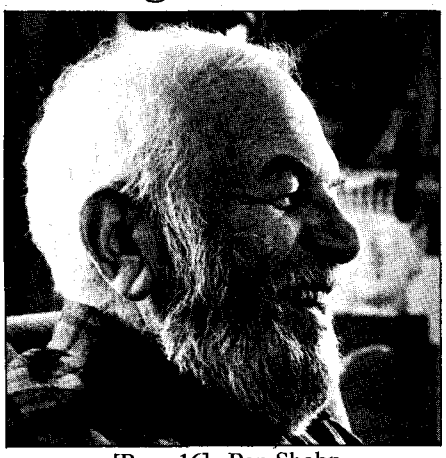
Leading Articles:



[Page 16] Ben Shahn

[Page 25] Game

[Page 28] SuperJew

[Page 32] Isadora

Herein:

YOU WILL FIND the second part of Associate Editor David Horowitz' investigation of the impact of the foundations on modern American life. Having already shown the development and social influence of foundation philanthropy (how charity begins at home), Horowitz now turns to the universities on the take in an essay which provides necessary background information for an understanding of current student unrest. In the next issue, the third part of this series will describe the sinews of the global empire which the foundations have built.

You will also find a discussion of medicine in Cuba, which has bypassed "socialized" and arrived at "revolutionary"; a revealing look at the real Isadora Duncan (undreamt of by Vanessa Redgrave), a woman whom evangelist Billy Sunday called "that Bolshevik hussy"; a suggestion that Alexander Portnoy, that audacious Jew for all seasons, may indeed be representative of a decaying tradition; a new diversion which may well become one of the games played by people on the left; a memorial tribute to one of RAMPARTS' special friends and contributors, artist Ben Shahn, with a portfolio of his drawings; and a miscellany of views and previews.

Finally, you will find that RAMPARTS is surviving. You can help make its survival a *fait accompli* by renewing your subscription now. Our computers tell us that if just one of every four current RAMPARTS readers would renew his subscription early or buy a gift subscription for a friend, our money worries would be over and we could concentrate on the serious business of providing dissident journalism for an America that badly needs it.

—THE EDITORS

Ramparts

VOL. 7, NO. 12 MAY 1969

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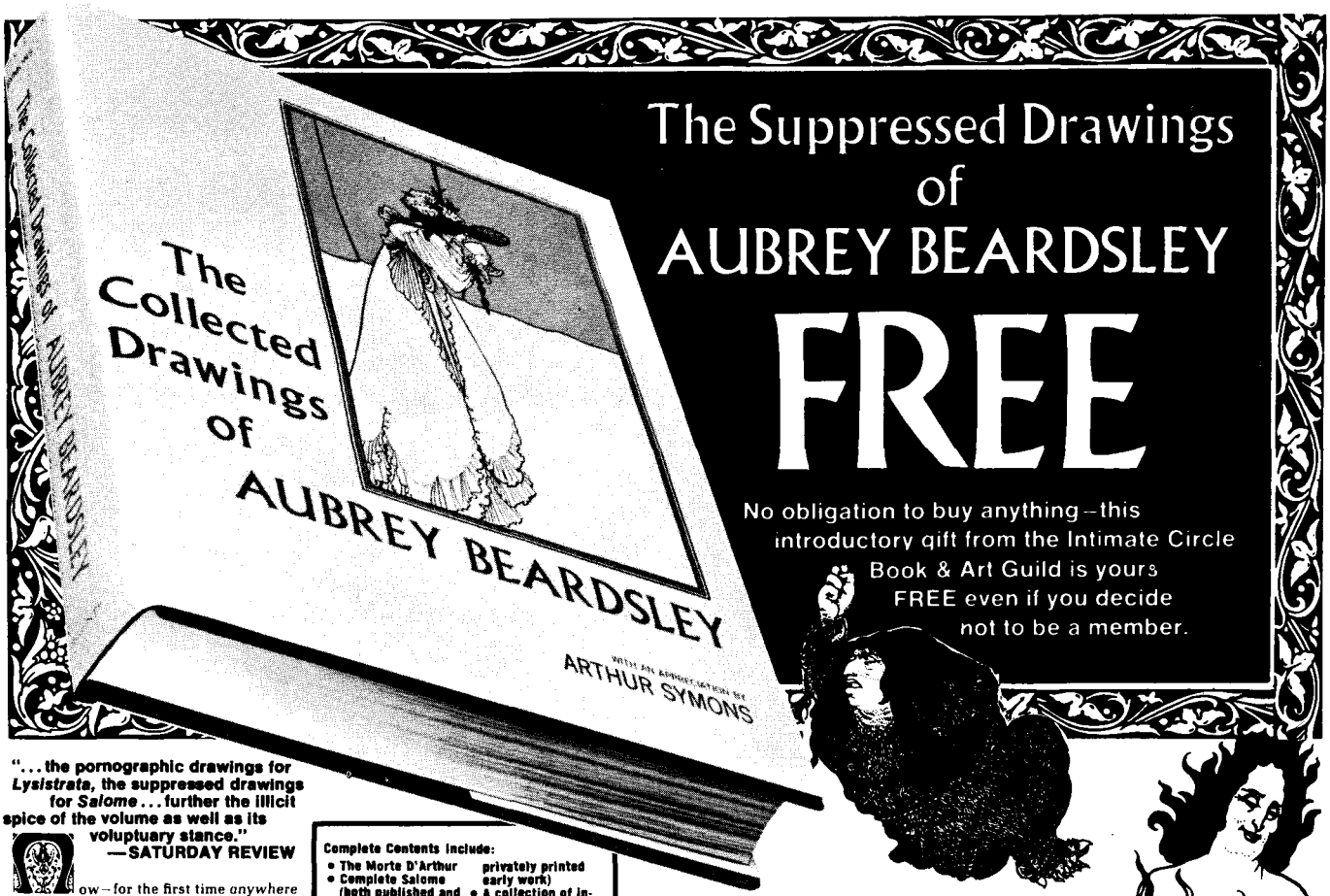

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—SATURDAY REVIEW

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- **Personal reminiscence and critical evaluation by Beardsley's friend Arthur Symons**
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Today Beardsley is enjoying a well-deserved renaissance. His prints are for sale in every book store, and decorating one's walls with his works has become the vogue. Nevertheless we know this strange creative genius only in "bowdlerized" form—which is to say scarcely at all. Therefore, in addition to including virtually all Beardsley's well-known major works, your comprehensive gift volume also includes (for the first time) long suppressed privately commissioned prints never before published in any form.

"Beauty and decadence, sensuality and sin"

Here are the beautifully appropriate (though undeniably vulgar) *Lysistrata* drawings, which, perhaps as no others, reveal Beardsley's true feelings about women. Also the unabashedly lascivious *Salome* prints (all of them) that so greatly hastened the downfall of Oscar Wilde.

Virtually every drawing receives a full page. "Suppressed" versions are printed side-by-side with the (often artistically inferior) "fig-leafed" versions we know today. Luxuriously bound and reproduced on finest art paper (individual plates may be detached for framing if desired) this is truly a collector's item of incomparable value to art lovers, bibliophiles and connoisseurs of exotica. Yet accepting it as a gift does not obligate you to buy anything. It is yours FREE with trial membership in the Intimate Circle Book & Art Guild. (And you may *keep* it free even if you subsequently decide not to remain a member.)

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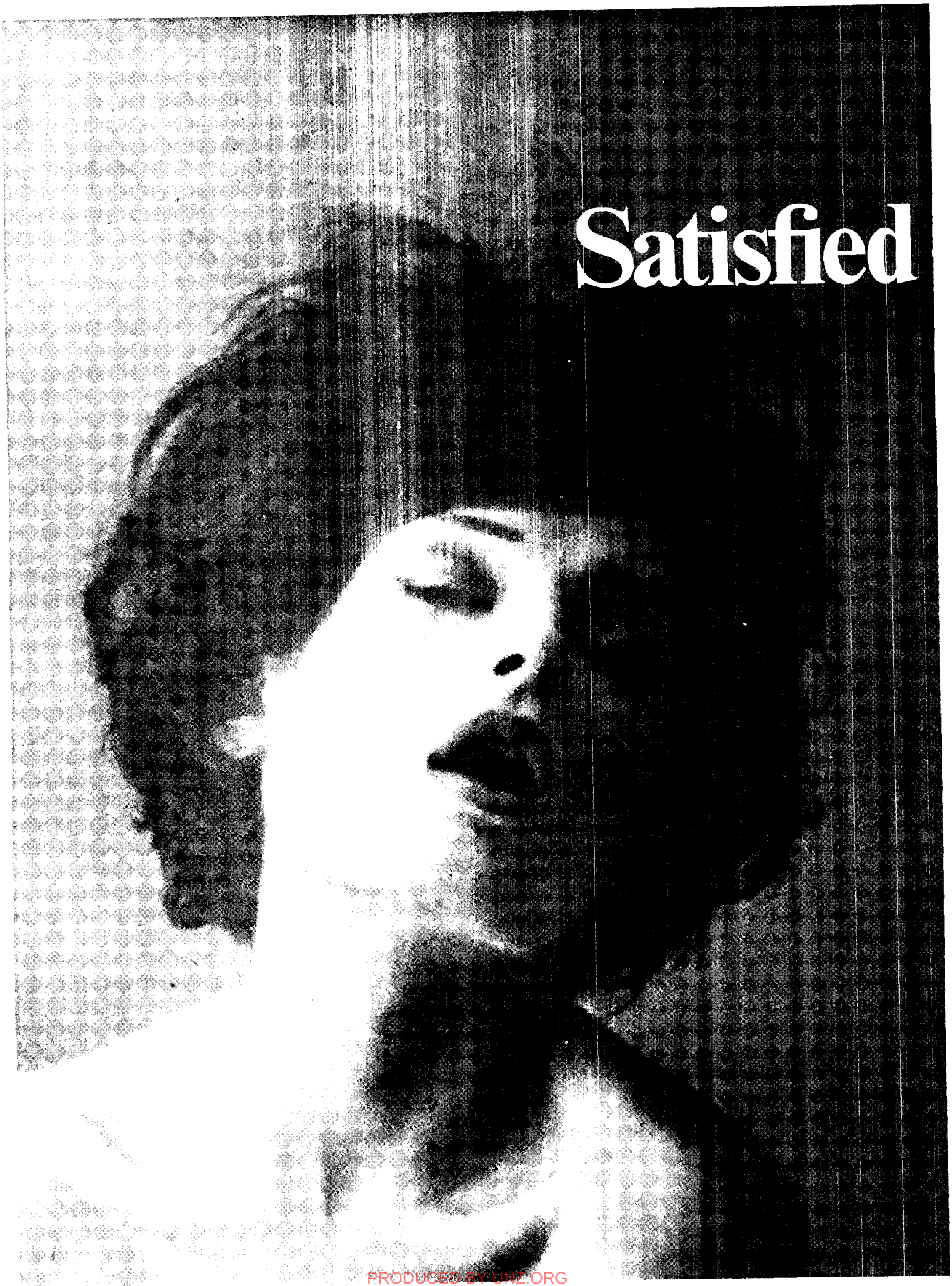

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Pictured on the opposite page is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading **Avant-Garde** is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of wind chimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

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First of all, there's **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy. No other magazine pursues a policy of such *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression.* **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). America's writers, artists, and photographers appreciate this and bring to **Avant-Garde** the works they know other publications lack the courage to print. Thus **Avant-Garde** serves—consistently—as a showcase for the novella that is "too daring," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the National Liberation Front of American arts and letters.

Second, **Avant-Garde** devastates readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the inspiration of Lennart Anderssen, **Avant-Garde**'s Creative Director (who is, incidentally, the world's foremost graphic designer).

Third, **Avant-Garde** is distinguished by the awesome talent of its contributors. No other magazine can boast such an impressive roster of artists, writers, and photographers. Not only does **Avant-Garde** feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Dali, Avedon, Mailer, Miller, Ginsberg, Tynan, Updike, Roald Dahl, Rexroth, David Levine, Leonard Baskin, Bert Stern, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

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Cuba's Revolutionary Medicine

by Willis P. Butler, M.D.

JOAQUIN, A THIN, BALDING thirty-two-year-old dynamo, came to one of Cuba's isolated farming regions seven years ago after a one-year rotating internship in Havana. He had intended to serve the two "rural years" obligatory for all medical school graduates and then return to the capital for a residency in obstetrics. It didn't turn out that way, however, and as we bounced over the countryside in the Land Rover assigned him by the Ministry of Public Health he explained why.

"My grades were good—that's what they go by mostly—and I was told that I could go back to Havana for the training as I had been promised, but I found that I no longer wished to leave. When I came here in 1961, there were five physicians and two public health nurses in the area for 40,000 people. Now we have 32 doctors, 11 PHN's, 19 practical nurses, and five full-time sanitarians. We had two old hospitals then with 45 beds together. Now we have an excellent new one with 185 beds. You have seen our health centers taking care of 4500 office visits a week. We have gotten potable water into every village, and yesterday you visited our day care centers for kids."

He whipped the car into the sun-drenched plaza of a pastel stucco town. "Let's go over here and I'll show you through the blood bank. That building next door is an ice plant. Over beyond that, on the hill, is the artificial insemination center. Fifty-three bulls. Tapped twice a week each. Cuba is a beef exporting nation now, you know. . . ." Joaquin was a humming computer, a wellspring of trends, figures, projects, questions and bubbling enthusiasm, much of it having to do with matters which my American colleagues would not consider even remotely medical.

During a four-day tour of the region I gathered that Joaquin was the top MINSAP (Ministry of Public Health) physician, although he never tried to pull rank. Other MD's saw most of the outpatients in the clinic (average about 35 per doctor per day), but he did a weekly stint too, "to keep my hand in," as he said. All physicians in Cuba work for and through MINSAP, and there is virtually no private practice. The Cuban Medical Association, now a vestigial organization serving a mixed educational and social function, voted in 1961, after much soul searching, to censure and effectively abolish private fee-for-service medicine. Some of it still goes on among the few rich people left in Cuba, most of whom are on waiting lists for the Miami plane. But while not illegal, private practice is regarded by the profession as highly unethical. Cuban doctors look back on traditional private practice as antisocial, placing the patient in the role of a piece of merchandise.

All of this hardly means that a new millennium of human selflessness has arrived in Cuba. Massive government pressures exerted through the power of the purse and press are perfectly obvious to any observer and are freely acknowledged by Cuban doctors. The point, however, is that this is commonly regarded as an entirely legitimate use of moral incentive for the good of the revolution and the Cuban people. As for the medical profession's image, no Cuban hides the fact that of about 7200 trained doctors, 2500 found the idea of moving to Florida between 1959 and 1965 irresistibly attractive. But the vacuum has been more than filled since then, and the average level of social awareness and responsibility in the profession has been immeasurably raised by what those who remained scathingly call "our colleagues' betrayal of our country in her moment of need."

BEFORE GOING TO CUBA I had read almost everything I could find on the post-revolution culture, but I had found a dismaying lack of data on the country's medicine and health. On arrival I was plunged at once into an orgy of seeing, traveling and talking, and it was not until my last week that I got around to studying the professional literature: the just-published MINSAP manual called "Goals and Directives, 1968-70," the medical journals, orientation lectures for public health workers, press releases and the minutes of policy making meetings. I was finally glad that I had not done the reading earlier: every bit of this material would have sounded abstract and theoretical had I not already seen it embodied in hundreds of individual lives.

My colleagues and I heard a lot of perfectly frank griping during our meanderings through clinics, wards, operating rooms and doctors' homes, but the tone was that of camaraderie and the intent was clearly to improve matters by analysis and self-criticism within the framework of the revolution. The *joie de vivre*, especially of the younger men, swamps this small amount of discontent, and in medicine, as in other spheres of Cuban society, youth dominates the picture.

Most of our doctor acquaintances in Cuba seemed to be very matter-of-fact, unsentimental people; at least they did not readily engage in deeply personal discussion. One exception to this, a man in other ways also atypical of contemporary Cuban doctors, was Enrique, a forty-seven-year-old orthopedist who used to receive $3000 a month ("receive," he emphasized, not "earn") and who now gets $700 for full time attendance in a teaching hospital. "What makes this change worthwhile," he told me, "is not that it is a sacrifice. On the contrary, it is a new, better way of living. I was too stupid before to find it out myself. I had to get a kick from life and the revolution to learn this simple thing: it is more *fun* to take care of patients without worrying whether they have money and without chasing those who have it. Now all medical care is completely free."

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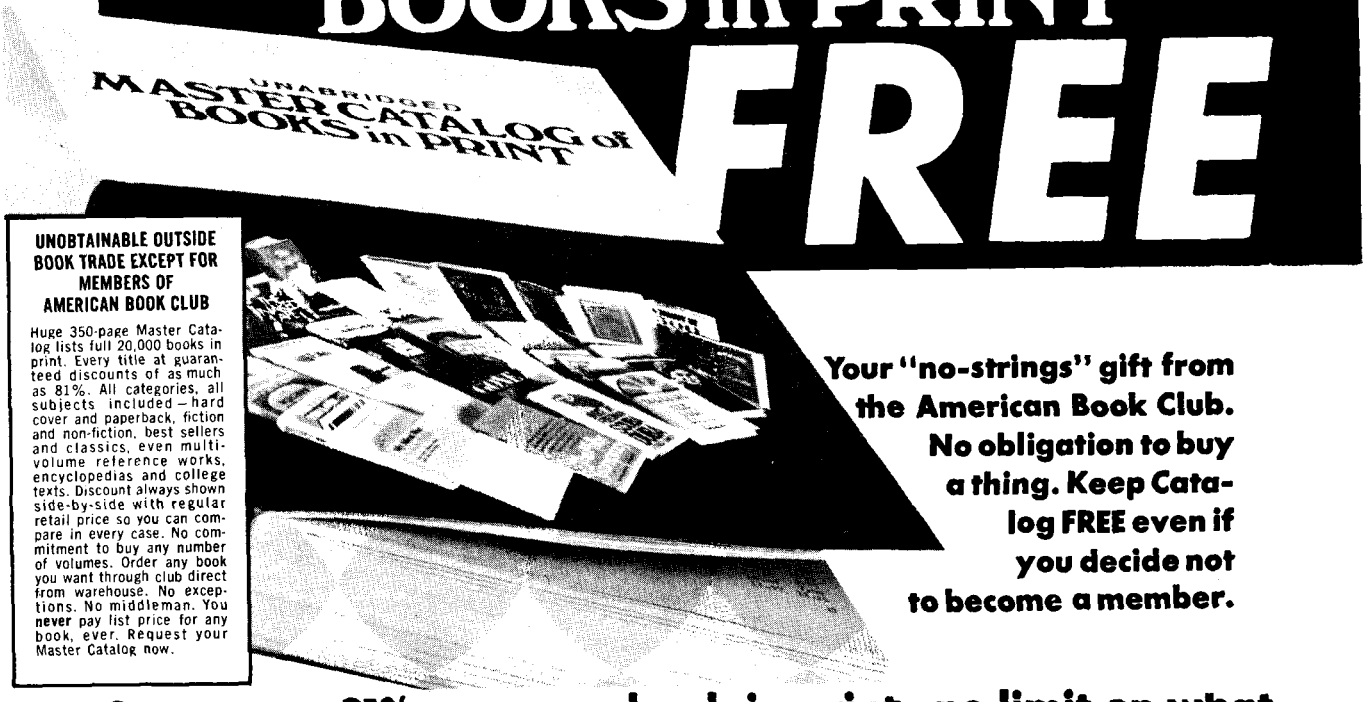

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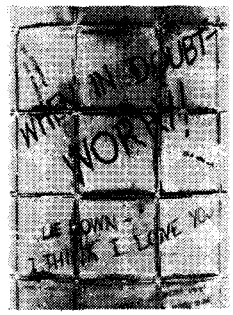

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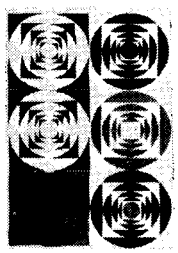

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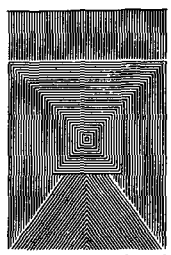

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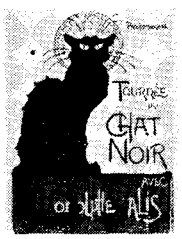

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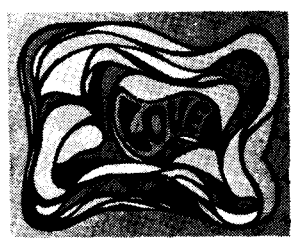

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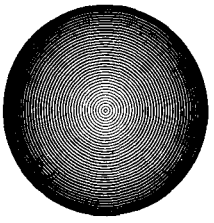

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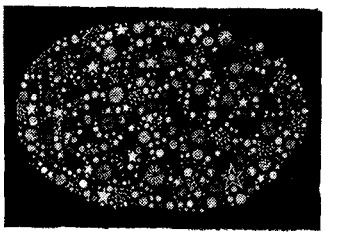

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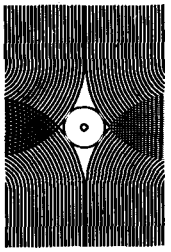

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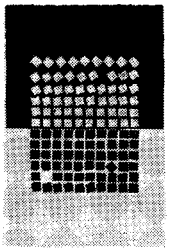

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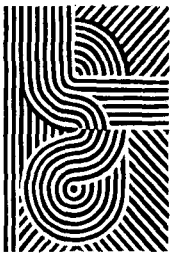

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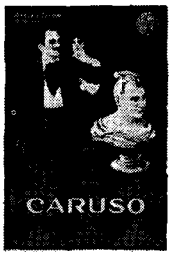

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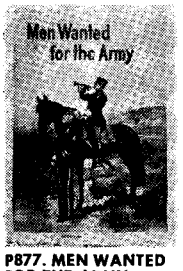

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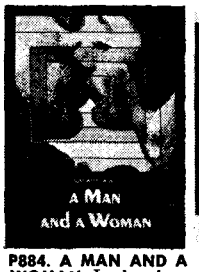

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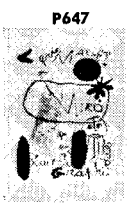

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He grinned with a mixture of self-deprecation and mischief. "Actually I give my kids the credit. My two sons, who are now also studying to be doctors, had a lot of trouble with the Jesuits in their school when they came back from the literacy campaign. You know, in 1961-62 when over 100,000 young people went for ten months to the most remote areas and taught the *campesinos* to read and write, reducing illiteracy from 23 per cent to three per cent. And what did the Church say? That it was an evil communist plot. We had some terrible fights, with me trying to defend the Jesuits, and that is when I began to see that they were right and I was wrong." This inversion of the traditional relation between the generations, incidentally, is a theme that recurs over and over again in the reminiscences of Cuban families.

Enrique states with disarming cheerfulness, "I would die for this revolution for the good it has done for my people and because it is a Christian revolution, if you mean by 'Christian' helping others." This small sermon was delivered during an impromptu bull session involving some dozen doctors, nurses, administrators and workers in a 600-bed university hospital. Enrique's straddling allegiance to Christ and Marx struck me as naive, and this was the only time I encountered the view in many hours of philosophizing with friends in Cuba. But he showed not a trace of self-consciousness, and as I glanced about the room I saw no eyebrows raised nor lips tightened, only quiet expressions of interest and respect.

"Do you have trouble getting enough supplies and materials to work with?" I once asked Enrique. "No, not really," he answered. "We can get Steinmann pins and things of that sort from Europe, or American material on the black market, and while we don't actually have all of the luxuries we would like to have, we have enough to do a good job." This was one of the few times I heard anyone come close to complaining about the U.S. blockade, which attempts to intercept not only such obviously dangerous revolutionary weapons as penicillin and surgical scissors but also medical books and journals. There is no doubt that Cuban medicine is being hurt by the blockade, but it is also apparent that they basically have the problem solved—and pride alone prevents much grumbling.

One area in which the Cubans appear to take an almost mischievous pleasure in getting around the blockade is in the field of textbooks. In a large hospital library a friend showed me, with considerable pride and amusement, brand-new Spanish-language editions of several of the latest medical textbooks. The lithography, paper, reproduction of color photos and format were exquisite and the Spanish translation first-class. These texts are referred to as "*fusilados*"—shot down. In reality they are pirated editions which get to students and physicians within a few weeks after they appear in English, due to round-the-clock efforts of teams of translators working not only in Havana but in Mexico City and Buenos Aires. All materials are free to students in Cuba.

"OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS *of Public Health include: an integrated concept of health preventive no less than curative; stress on epidemiology; planning within the framework of the overall National Plan; collective management; centralized policy making and decentralized executive and administrative function; a minimum of red tape; concentration of all health activities in the Ministry of Public Health . . .*" ("Goals & Directives")

The above statement would be merely routine politicians' rhetoric for doctors from any other Latin American country, where voluminous public health treatises bear no relation to massive stagnation in medical care. It would be menacing talk to most of my American colleagues for whom government planning is an obscenity and epidemiology a closed book. For me it is simply a reminder of Joaquin's office, far from Havana. His desk and wall were covered with oversized charts, with multicolored pins and street maps of every village in his region, detailing the prevalence and incidence of a multitude of diseases from 1961 to the present, correlated with a count of the houses still lacking satisfactory latrines (less than nine per cent) and fly protection (14 per cent), and a thousand other such matters. It was a fantastic production, created by Joaquin in his spare hours, aided by an elderly couple who had learned to read and write in the literacy campaign. Was it a response to instructions from the Ministry in Havana? Yes and no. Joaquin was sent out with a general mandate to "discover the medical needs of the area and set about filling them." The details were to an astonishing degree left to him and his co-workers.

Epidemiology, for the benefit of the uninitiated, means not just the study of epidemics but the study of disease and health as mass social phenomena. In the U.S., this research is largely confined to a few government specialists and agencies. In Cuba it begins in the first years of medical school and is a sort of obsession with rank and file Cuban doctors. Cubans tie it in with another of the "outstanding characteristics of public health" and especially of medical education: the teaching of Marxism-Leninism. It is strongly argued that no true understanding of disease as related to the total environment, much less an effective program of prevention, can be achieved in a parasitic, exploitative, capitalist society. On the other hand, it is also strongly emphasized that "Marxism-Leninism can never replace specific mastery of specific scientific knowledge."

As I read the policy papers I saw not hollow abstractions but a young dermatologist in a big Havana hospital who quoted endless off-the-cuff (and as I later confirmed, very accurate) figures on all manner of non-dermatological diseases, hospital bed population ratios in distant provinces, areas of serious shortages in supplies, etc., *ad infinitum*. I recalled the quiet pride of a score of nurses in clinics, factories and child care centers, their immunization records often stored in beat-up oak cabinets but accessible and up-to-date. I recalled kitchen and street corner confabs between doctors, housewives, workers, nurse's aides and passersby in which a decision might be made to send volunteer drivers with the MINSAP jeep after hours to haul in immunization delinquents, or to tell (not advise) MINSAP to spend that 5000 pesos on water storage tanks rather than on another sanitarian. A striking feature of all such occasions was the utter informality and egalitarian spirit. Health education, the "basis of progress," means "interchange among equals," I was told. "We learn from the people."

I recalled showing some young doctors a headline from a U.S. medical journal: "Fear of Planners Stirs American Hospital Association." They were both amused and perplexed. "But don't they *want* to be able to look ahead?" asked one. "Isn't it a logical necessity for a single entity to embrace patient care, physical plant, and education of the doctors who are destined to provide the former and utilize the latter?" For these men it is a source of deep confidence as well as pride that

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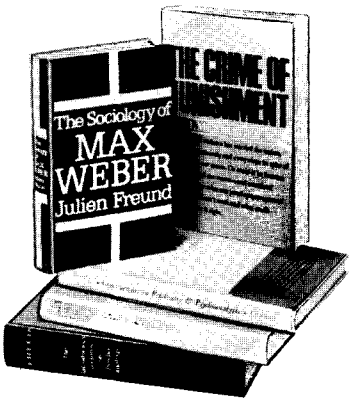

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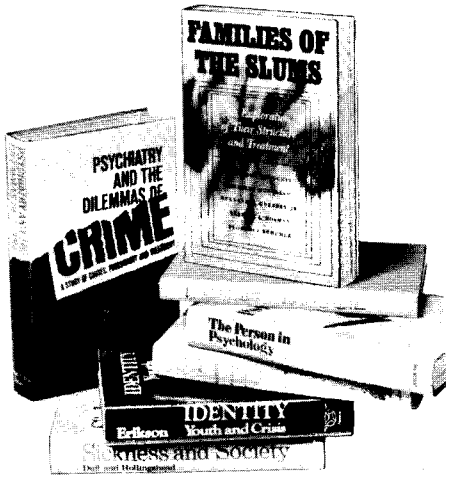

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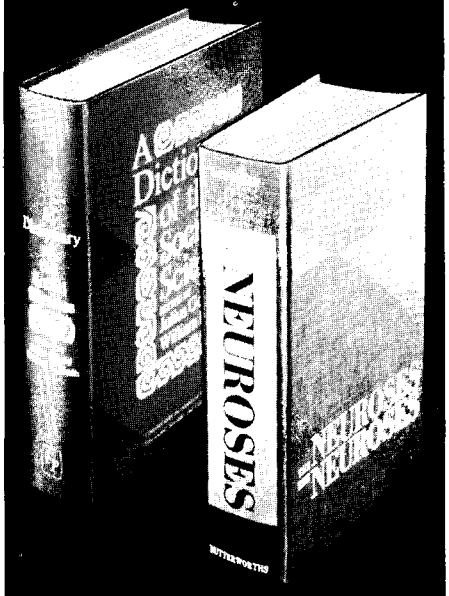

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their government, which budgeted $20 million in 1958 for health, allocated over $260 million in 1967. Cuban doctors regard it as a matter of direct and urgent *medical* importance that Cuban families have an abundance of good lean meat and that Cuban children are receiving five quarts of whole milk a week.

Planning and collective management at their best were illustrated by the massive powwow that went on for over a year in 1964-65 and involved scores of distinguished medical educators. Everybody agreed that medical education had been atrocious in Cuba and that, "We have an unparalleled opportunity to build from scratch, given a clean revolutionary slate and a small country." Four months were spent drawing up a plan for profound revision of curriculum and methods, which was submitted for discussion and amendment by medical educators throughout the land, a process that took another nine months. No matter how some of it might strike American medical ears, the program undeniably represents the spirit and desires of Cuban physicians and teachers. Its chief elements are: adherence to socialist principles; elimination of professorial deadwood and creation of full-time paid professorships; stress on preventive medicine; development in the students of broad culture and a socialist conscience; emphasis on development in the students of broad principles of biology; no separation of theory and practice; stress on the humanistic and social character of medicine; the linking of medicine and productive work and service to a community; and recognition of the central character of the Ministry of Public Health.

DESPITE THE DEFECTION of almost a third of its trained physicians, Cuba, with a ratio of about one doctor per thousand people, stands high among Latin American nations. But Cubans emphasize that the overall ratio is a poor index to the nation's health; geographic distribution is a far more important factor.

While some Latin American countries require six months rural service in an internship, with many loopholes, and while such underdeveloped areas as Mississippi and Arizona dabble with incentives like scholarships and interest-free loans, Cuba's solution to the problem of distribution of doctors is massive, direct, and I suppose to U.S. medical minds, brutal: two full years in the boondocks following the one-year rotating hospital internship. For everybody. There are no exceptions. If a doctor is good enough in the opinion of his teachers and the educational committee of MINSAP, and if he has not become too wrapped up in the challenge of rural practice, he may return to the city for specialty training. The decision is collective; the doctor has a vote but not the final say.

As far as I could tell, the system works well. There are a few pockets of serious maldistribution left, with one doctor for six or eight thousand people, and Havana still has too many: one for every 322 inhabitants. But with 2100 new graduates on deck for the coming three years (50 per cent are women), the picture looks bright.

The system is acceptable to the profession because of sound historical reasons and deliberate planning:

1. Throughout the five years of school and internship the importance of the general practitioner is played up; theory is valued mainly as the basis for practice; patient contact begins early, examinations are heavily practical, and classes are small. Mature specialists are encouraged to sally out of their narrow fields and study alien subjects as a broadening intellectual adventure.

2. Rural service is rendered directly to the poorest people and is stressed as an important revolutionary duty. (Quite a few doctors whom I met had fought at the Bay of Pigs, and a number of them were veterans of the early guerrilla fighting in the Sierra.) Every July the entering freshmen class works for a month in agriculture.

3. The budget for new construction and supplies is heavily weighted to favor rural areas so that one of the main attractions of the city for young doctors is minimized. I was amazed again and again to find in the most remote areas such things as air-conditioned isolation units solely for the treatment of burns, radio equipped ambulances, hospital autopsy rates approaching 95 per cent, and autoclaves large enough to sterilize mattresses. Parenteral fluids, dressings and such items seem to be abundant. Similarly, more and more specialists are being assigned for short rotations to rural areas, a top priority goal for the present Three-Year Plan. The government regards these matters not only as provision of needed services, but as a sort of sociological experiment. Instead of fairly even across-the-board allocation, the practice is to pick the most backward districts, pour funds and personnel into them and study the extent to which they leapfrog ahead in a most non-egalitarian fashion.

4. The beginning salary for rural doctors is $300 a month, and the top salary for a hospital director in the city is only about $800 a month, so that the salary spread is not very great within the profession. Salaries are graded upward rather sharply in the following years so that if a doctor is still in the country after five years he receives equal or slightly higher pay than his urban counterpart.

This emphasis on rural care and the general practitioner illustrates the vein of optimism running through Cuban medicine. During a national conference of medical educators on the kind of physician Cuba needs, a major question was that of quantity versus quality. The conclusion: we don't have to choose, we will have both. The answer I invariably got when I asked about the use of paramedical personnel (for example, midwives and surgical assistants) was, "We really don't need them. We will have enough doctors." I realized then that the much discussed question of paramedical personnel in our own country arises not out of a concern for widening health care, but from an acknowledgment of the "hopeless" shortage of doctors. The Cubans see this as a sort of semantic evasion. *If* one puts enough resources into good medical education and produces enough doctors, and *if* doctors rid themselves of stereotyped ideas about what they are too good to do, why can't it all be done by MD's?

Eighty-six per cent of all births in Cuba now take place in hospitals and the vast majority of these are doctor-attended. Of considerable importance in this achievement is the generous use of "maternity hotels"—simple, cheap live-in quarters near the hospital to which women are brought from remote areas a full month before they are due to deliver.

Connected with this is the question of sex education, which begins in primary school and is thorough and frank. Matter-of-fact attitudes toward sex are encouraged by the widespread participation of youngsters in stock breeding, including a spectacular program of artificial insemination which happens

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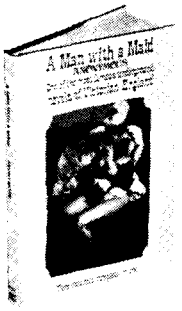

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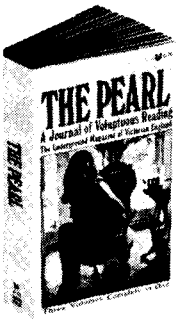

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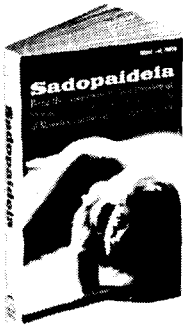

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to be managed almost 90 per cent by girls of high school age. Birth control clinics are held in most of the larger hospitals and information and materials are available free on request, but the government has no organized active program to push the practice. The position stated to me by many physicians is that birth control is entirely up to the individual couple or family and is not a proper subject for government policy. Oral contraceptives are not available to my knowledge, apparently because of residual doubts about their safety among the medical profession. The most common method used is an intrauterine loop.

I WAS TOLD BY Doctor Daniel Alonzo, chief of the MINSAP section on international relations, of the excellent network of bloodbanks throughout Cuba. Then he ruefully went on to present the other side of the picture, noting the recent increase in the incidence of serum hepatitis, which parallels the increased use of blood transfusion. "Medically speaking, Cuba now enjoys the mixed blessing of being in the ranks of the developed countries rather than the underdeveloped," he observed. "That is to say that infectious diseases which are still the scourge of so many tropical areas are now much less important causes of death in Cuba than heart disease, cancer and stroke." Cuba's peculiar transitional state between backwardness and advancement is neatly epitomized by the fact that in MINSAP's program for 1968-70, a final drive against the Aëdes mosquito and yellow fever is given equal rank with a crash program against cancer of the female breast and cervix.

Life expectancy in Cuba today is sixty-eight. Alonzo stressed that climate is less important as a determinant of health than are social and economic conditions, and that the special category of "tropical medicine" is probably misleading in that sense. He apologized for making invidious comparisons, and then quoted statistical data from other Latin American countries participating in the Alliance for Progress. For example, infant mortality in Central America is currently 67 per thousand live births and in South America 79; in Cuba it was 33.09 (as of 1967). Alianza publications acknowledge that it will not be possible to obtain 5.8 doctors per 10,000 inhabitants in South America by 1980; Cuba had 8.8 by 1966. Maternity mortality in Havana is 30.2 per 100,000 live births, and for all of Cuba 43.5; Louisiana has 42 white, 73 nonwhite.

As though in an effort to balance the picture, Dr. Alonzo went on to discuss present shortcomings and deficiencies. Nursing services and training are not up to the level of other medical activities. Improvements, especially in rural areas, are a must for 1968-70. Present strategy calls for stress on establishing nursing schools in the more backward districts and using local girls as much as possible. Standardization, or quality control, in the medical specialties must be implemented.

Another weak area is dental care. Cuba is tackling this through the training of "stomatologists," a sort of hybrid dentist-doctor specializing in care of all diseases of the mouth rather than just the teeth. Caries are widespread, and while vague reference to prevention is made in the protocol for 1968-70, I was astonished that no specific mention was made of fluoridation, a curious lapse in a supposedly rigid planning setup.

Cuban leaders also recognize their lack of really top people in several fancy research fields. Almost any good molecular biologist or immunologist, for example, with acceptable political references, is likely to be offered a job if he visits Cuba. There are Cubans highly trained in these areas, but they are scarce. In the quiet new air-conditioned buildings of various institutes, one meets a high proportion of Czech, Soviet and Chinese students.

I NOTE WITH CURIOSITY and some embarrassment at this point that I have written far more about doctors and medical care than about patients and the Cuban people in general. Perhaps I was slightly mesmerized by the wonderfully leisurely talks I had with my Cuban colleagues, and by such truly startling sights as 1000 gorgeous brand-new Soviet binocular microscopes lined up in a laboratory for second-year medical students, or a gleaming Dutch anesthesia machine which informed friends here tell me is the world's finest, or an automated Chinese multipurpose biochemical analyzer.

I did, of course, talk to scores of individuals, healthy and sick, in hospitals, on buses and on street corners, in schools, in homes and cafes. The pride they feel in their medical progress since 1959 simply knows no bounds. For them it is a bedrock of personal faith and confidence in the future based sometimes on political conviction and intellectual data, sometimes on participation in health projects, but more often on a private experience, something that happened to an uncle, a mother, a son or a friend.

"Care for each patient as though he were your father, mother, wife or child." The policy manual of MINSAP echoed the words of the director of a mental hospital near Havana with almost 5000 patients. His opening remarks to me were, "Medicine has to be a humane science, and the first and most important thing to realize is that mental patients are human beings above all else." A description of this marvelous institution would be a chapter apart. I will mention here only the single small building that has been deliberately left unoccupied and with the old bars in place, by way of symbolic and striking contrast to the new buildings, all of which are sunlit and completely devoid of window bars. The directorship of this hospital before the revolution was a prize political plum. The director commonly made ten or twelve thousand dollars a month from graft, resale of supplies, and by hiring out patients to work on the plantations of wealthy Cuban and American landowners.

The ghosts of the former inmates of this hospital, the ghosts of tens of thousands of kids who used to live out their short lives with the big bellies of hookworm and the sores of nutritional disease, if they did not die of diarrhea in the first year of life, the ghosts of workers cut down in their prime by malaria and tuberculosis, the ghosts of women who died cruelly—or mercifully—in childbirth—these specters are stark facts in the living memory of every Cuban today. Their mute testimony suggests that the following is more than a slogan: "Public health is not only an objective of the revolution, but comes to be a powerful instrument of revolution as well."

Willis P. Butler is a general practitioner with Kaiser Foundation Hospitals in Hawaii; he visited Cuba for several weeks in the fall of 1968.

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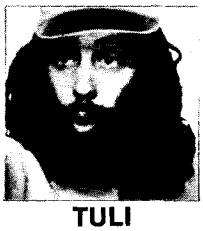
Brand new contest! It's our

"Win a Fug Dream Date" Competition

Choose one: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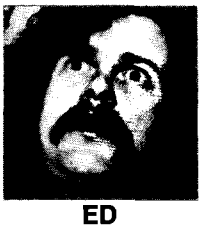
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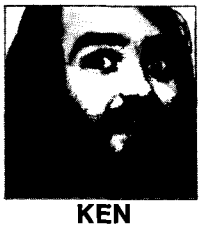
KEN

Imagine: a dream date on the town with your favorite Fug, and all that can imply. It could be yours.

Just tell us what you think of the latest Fugs album, "It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest." In from one to 100 words. Or more words, if you insist. Or, if you've got something classier than words, fair enough.

We of course reserve the right to make up more rules as we go along. But for now, that's all. This is a pretty loose contest.

Along with your entry, be sure to name your fave Fug, the one you want for your once-in-a-lifetime Dream Date. We'll plow thru the mail and then let you know if you're the big winner. Honest. Even if you don't win, your chances are pretty good: the 99 runners-up will get a free copy of the *next* Fugs album, whenever that's ready.

But till that's ready, we're zeroing in on "It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest."

To give you an idea of the competition — what other folk have written about "It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest" — we offer this sampling:

"Undoubtedly from under a rock."
— Portland Maine Press Herald

"Consistently entertaining." *— Playboy*

"A beautiful record. The album is actually their best." *— Rolling Stone*

You can do better, can't you? Those reviews are pretty dull reviews. What we want is *your* thoughts, in any form that'll get thru the mails. (Caution: don't think by doing a naughty, you'll captivate our judges. They read all that years ago. They much prefer urbanity.)

If, to prepare your entry, you want to buy the album, we have no objection.

Then, once you get it all together, mail your joy to:

Room 208-A
Reprise Records
Burbank, Calif. 91503

So do it. You have little to lose; maybe something to gain. Of that, we're pretty sure.

In fact, we *know* it.

We, in case you wondered, are Reprise. We make Fugs albums. To sell, but also to take home and corrupt the neighbors.

DESCRIBE ME

Make your entry. Slip it to us. We'll get back to you.

And remember (when you get a chance) that The Fugs are on where they belong.

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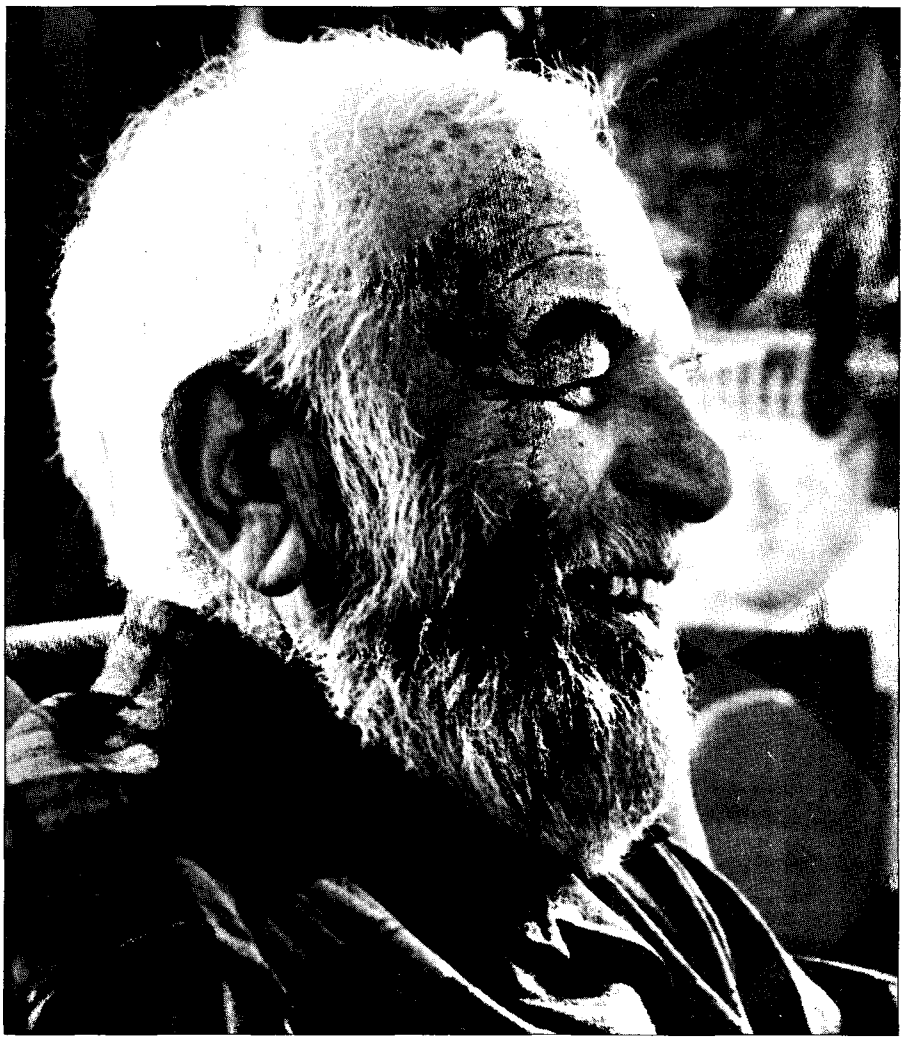
IN MEMORIAM: BEN SHAHN



SOME YEARS AGO WHILE I WAS A STUDENT of art at UCLA, I asked one of my instructors why he had neglected to mention Ben Shahn during a lecture on contemporary American artists. His answer was that Shahn is "limited" in his outlook, meaning that his social and political commitments restricted his artistic vision, rendering him less important to the tastemakers than those artists who studiously avoid mixing art and politics.

This echoes the prevailing trend among critics—that an artist may sign petitions, march, even make harmless attacks on pop culture while being co-opted by it. But it is somehow tasteless ("limiting") to consistently and explicitly take basic issue with the restrictive, racist, exploitative and violent nature of our society—and right up front on the canvas.

The irony is that these tastemakers (critics, professors, gallery owners, even other artists) have nearly succeeded where the witch-hunters of HUAC failed: that is, in rendering Shahn's work impotent. That it survives is due solely to its intrinsic power of communication and the strength and validity of his own commitment.

For reasons inexplicable to me, Ben never became bitter although the indignities he suffered were staggering: the mural he and Diego Rivera collaborated on for the Rockefeller Center was stripped off the wall, on orders from Nelson, because it included the likeness of Lenin. He was blackballed from many important galleries and museums because of his series of drawings sympathetic to Sacco and Vanzetti; he endured the hell of the McCarthy era, and emerged with his commitments, wit and craft intact, while his previous political allies were scurrying for cover in the sanctuary of academic Cold War liberalism.

Ben was a good friend of RAMPARTS. The cover painting of Fulbright [June 1966], the portrait of Martin Luther King (accompanying a piece by Eldridge Cleaver, which must say something about his views on black anti-Semitism vs. Jewish racism), and his essay "In Defense of Chaos" [December 1968] were all done for us without charge. Just a week before he died Ben gave me full permission to run this series.

He once told me that RAMPARTS was too important to the country to die. So was he.

—DUGALD STERMER

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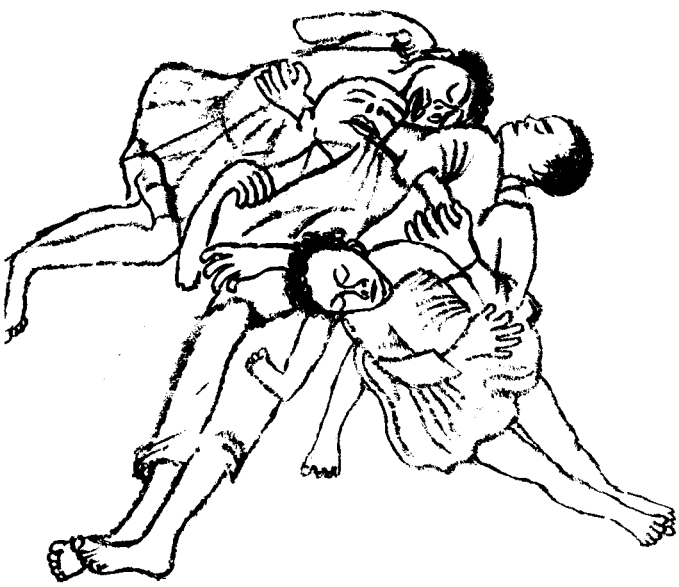
Above: From NOVEMBER TWENTY SIX NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY THREE, *a book by Ben Shahn and Wendell Berry. Below: From* THE SHAPE OF CONTENT, *a book by Ben Shahn*



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IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THESE THING, I MIGHT HAVE LIVE OUT MY LIFE TALKING AT STREET CORNERS TO SCORNING MEN. I MIGHT HAVE DIE, UNMARKED, UNKNOWN A FAILURE. NOW WE ARE NOT A FAILURE. THIS IS OUR CAREER AND OUR TRIUMPH. NEVER IN OUR FULL LIFE COULD WE HOPE TO DO SUCH WORK FOR TOLERANCE, FOR JOOSTICE, FOR MAN'S ONDERSTANDING OF MAN AS NOW WE DO BY ACCIDENT. OUR WORDS - OUR LIVES - OUR PAINS NOTHING! THE TAKING OF OUR LIVES- LIVES OF A GOOD SHOEMAKER AND A POOR FISH PEDDLER-ALL! THAT LAST MOMENT BELONGS TO US- THAT AGONY IS OUR TRIUMPH.

Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti, 1958

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Think continually of those who were truly great, 1965

Futility, 1960
Wood engraving by Stefan Martin

Below: Prenatal Clinic, 1941

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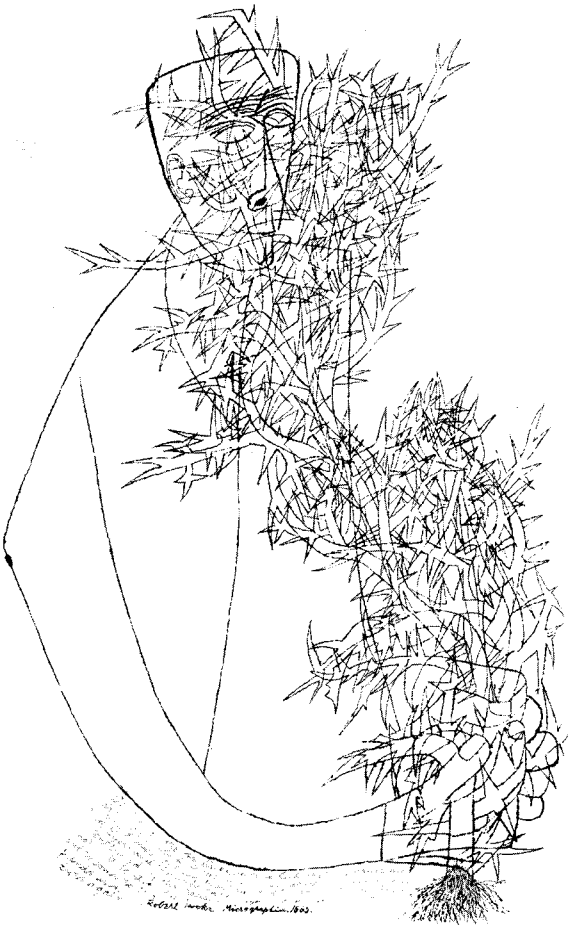
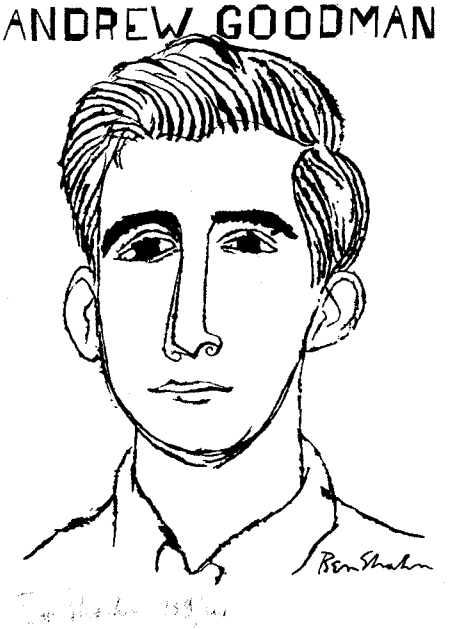
Blind Botanist, 1961



Below: Ink portrait of William Fulbright for RAMPARTS, *June 1965*

Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman, James Chaney, 1965



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PACIFICATION IN VIET-NAM: The Destruction of An Thinh

[INTRODUCTION]

IT IS PLEASANT TO THINK THAT with the talks going on in Paris, the Viet-Nam war is as good as over. But the reality of Viet-Nam has not been suspended—one still hears the familiar reports of corners turned and successes finally achieved. The latest triumph is the Accelerated Pacification Campaign which has, we are told, turned the tide in the countryside. In the dispatch that follows this introduction, that program is revealingly dissected and described.

Through 1967, most U.S. military operations in Viet-Nam consisted of large-scale "search-and-destroy" actions as part of an overall "Pacification Program." Massive U.S. ground elements would move through an area in little more than a "scorched earth" mission, only to depart a few days or weeks later in their helicopters and armored personnel carriers, rest, and go on to a similar operation in some other area. These operations had no lasting military effect on the NLF, but they did produce millions of refugees who showed up on the statistical charts as masses rallying to the Saigon regime.

Then came the siege of Khe Sanh which, by late January 1968, had diverted at least 40 per cent of Westmoreland's ground effectives to a small area just south of the DMZ, spreading his remaining troops very thin and making the stunning Tet offensive possible. The offensive in turn forced search-and-destroy units to fall back to protect urban enclaves, leaving the countryside to the NLF. With the search-and-destroy operations sharply curtailed and "allied" combat troops tied down defending enclaves and their own installations, the NLF was able to move substantial numbers of large rockets to the very edges of the urban areas.

The rocketing of Saigon ended when a defensive wall of troops surrounded the city. The siege of Khe Sanh, having served its purpose, was lifted. The net result was the pressure to halt *all* bombing north of the 17th Parallel and begin peace talks. The U.S. halted the bombing, it said, on the basis that enemy military action would be restrained.

By the military's own statistics—its rhetoric notwithstanding—the number of enemy-initiated actions did subside. U.S.-initiated actions, however, increased. Moreover, the bombers, far from gathering dust on the airfields, actually flew a greater number of missions and dropped more tonnage.

Taking advantage of the absence of attacks on the cities, troops locked up in defense were released for "secure and clear" actions—the successors to the old shotgun approach of search-and-destroy. This is part of the Accelerated Pacification Campaign that Mr. Williams describes below. Under the new program, if there are any inhabitants left after a village is taken, U.S. as well as GVN troops are left to "secure" it. This is a desperate effort to regain what the U.S. thought it controlled last year before Tet, an attempt to grab as much real estate as possible for bargaining purposes at the Paris talks.

by Roger Williams

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In the process, however, U.S. troops are once more being spread dangerously thin, again enabling the NLF to move heavy rockets within range of large urban centers. U.S. military strategists have been faced with an unenviable dilemma: if they disperse their troops for Pacification, the cities are left vulnerable; if they protect the cities, they leave the countryside to the enemy. The U.S. apparently hoped to break out of this bind by using the bombing halt "understanding" in place of troops to shield the urban enclaves, thus freeing the troops for Accelerated Pacification. The recent offensive, however, indicates that the opposition will not tie its hands with regard to the cities if the U.S. intends to take advantage of this restraint by escalating its activities in the countryside.

Apart from this, the strategy of dispersement in Viet-Nam has been historically disastrous. Positioning valuable combat troops hither and yon in villages having no direct military value, for dubious political advantages, is reminiscent of the scattering of French troops prior to Dien Bien Phu. (The belief that the whole French Army was wiped out at Dien Bien Phu is a myth. The bulk of their forces were spread over the rest of the country.) The U.S. in the '60s wields massive air- and firepower. Yet the siege of Khe Sanh showed the limits of unlimited firepower: despite saturation bombings, the Vietnamese were still able to bring directed fire on the U.S. airstrip, even in the final stages of the siege.

Despite the casualties, the billions of dollars, the charts and the peace talks, the war in Viet-Nam is no closer to an end than it was in 1965. Roger Williams' article demonstrates that although the official nomenclature has changed, little else has in the U.S. effort to pacify the Vietnamese. —THE EDITORS

THE THREE SMALL HAMLETS which form the Vietnamese village of An Thinh lie only half a kilometer from the district capital of Trang Bang, the local GVN (Government of Viet-Nam) and American administrative-advisory center. However, An Thinh had been under Viet Cong control since 1960, as had most of Trang Bang district.

A small bridge over a lazy, quiet canal separates Trang Bang village, the largest town in Hau Nghia Province, from the rice paddies which girdle An Thinh's forested hamlets. Standing on the bridge one could look across to the tree line harboring its pleasant, shaded homes.

An Thinh was a pretty village, quite unlike the crowded, tin-shacked and often dilapidated towns along the main roads. It had cool little grassy squares in front of the VC offices, school and small store; flowering plants grew everywhere, some potted, some natural, and beautiful blooms of bougainvillaea hung about the several old French-style country houses and the clean farm dwellings. Copses of bamboo and lush undergrowth lent a verdant beauty to this pleasant town tucked under the tall shade trees. But you could not go in; it was VC.

The people of An Thinh could come out, nevertheless, and they came to Trang Bang to market. The National Police would tax their produce when they came but would not hinder their return to the VC area. The taxes they paid to the NLF were only 16 per cent of their income, as compared to the 20 per cent they had paid in rent as tenant farmers before the Front divided the land. How administratively secure the VC were in An Thinh is difficult to determine, but at least the children were being educated—a rare occurrence in GVN hamlets. Moreover, we know that An Thinh had been blessed for eight years with the absence of Americans and the GVN. Before 1960, it was most likely apolitical; before that, Viet Minh. An Thinh had not experienced war.

Nobody planned to destroy An Thinh; they only wanted to pacify it. Of course it first had to be "cleared and secured" by the Americans before it would be safe for the pacifiers. But clearing and securing was better than searching and destroying; the planners had changed their tactics in an attempt to wreak less carnage. There might be a little shooting—after all it *was* a VC village—and a few buildings might suffer some damage. But after the Americans established an outpost, the people would know they were secure and it would be safe for the Vietnamese Revolutionary Development cadres and the Viet-Nam Information Service teams to move in. And later, the newly appointed village and district chiefs could visit the people, and the landowners, whose land had been taken away by the VC and parceled out among the peasant farmers, could come back. The AID officer could begin new projects in the village and the American district advisor could help the Popular Force troops set up their outpost; a village Civilian Defense Group could be organized. An Thinh would then be "relatively secure" on the Hamlet Evaluation System (HES) computer. At least that is the way they planned it.

But An Thinh fooled the computer. An Thinh rates a "relatively secure" designation to be sure, but there is no one living there now. An Thinh was destroyed.

The GVN has instituted the Accelerated Pacification Campaign, whereby those hamlets presently ranking D and E, or "contested," are being brought to rank among A, B and C, or "relatively secure," as quickly as possible for bargaining purposes in Paris. A, B and C hamlets are considered to be under GVN control and they comprised 73 per cent of South Viet-Nam's population as of December 11. But only A hamlets are secure enough for a GVN or American official to sleep in, and there are but 200 of these out of the 12,700 hamlets in Viet-Nam. It is a numbers racket, the object being to swell the collection of A, B and C hamlets from the legions of "contested hamlets."

It is called Accelerated Pacification and it is an arrant delusion.

According to the computer's "latest Hamlet Evaluation System results," 39 per cent of rural Viet-Nam's population live in contested D and E hamlets, or in hamlets under outright VC control. An Army operation against a VC hamlet brings it from VC to "contested" on the HES charts. This is the program of "secure and clear," the application of massive firepower against the small, sleepy, backcountry villages of Viet-Nam; it is the story of An Thinh.

A MECHANIZED UNIT FROM THE 25TH INFANTRY Division and men of the 65th Engineers came to Trang Bang one day in November and told the people they were going to "blow the bridge" so they could replace it with a stronger, tank-supporting bridge. So they blew the bridge—and blew part of a house up with it, breaking a Vietnamese man's leg with shrapnel. Then they dropped in a new bridge with a giant Chinook helicopter which blew another

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house down with its tornado downdraft. The 2nd Brigade of the 12th Infantry, 25th Infantry Division ("First In Last Out") was prepared to go into An Thinh.

While elements of the "First In Last Out" brigade were going in, the population of An Thinh adhered to a policy of first out, last in. They knew something was coming and they assimilated themselves into the district capital, setting up shelters under their oxcarts in a cattle paddock near the bridge. At no time during the entire operation and eventual "pacification" of An Thinh was any food or shelter made available to its 5000 inhabitants.

The securing operation took the better part of a week before the clearing could begin. Each morning, ten armored personnel carriers (APC's), caparisoned with American and Confederate flags, rumbled into An Thinh, "reconning by fire" as they went, which means shooting into the houses to see if anyone is home, and then "hosing down" the wood line with their 50-caliber machine guns.

At four p.m. every day, when the American soldiers were pulling back, the people who were waiting out the war in Trang Bang walked back to their homes, or what was left of them. They would have to leave again before nightfall when the artillery started coming in with "harassment and interdiction" fire. In those late afternoon hours they were able to tally their losses, gather more belongings, and perhaps dig a few vegetables.

At week's end, I went in as the mechanized units were thundering out, the men merrily sprawled atop the giant APC's with their fresh stocks of ice-cold beer. The peasants were coming back and I watched as one woman returned to find her house a smoking pile of rubble, which an Army bulldozer had gratuitously spread around. She took it well, as well as one can who has just lost everything.

As if to remind me that I was not welcome there, a burst of AK-47 fire rang out from the woods and I expeditiously returned to the rear guard of the 2nd of the 12th and spoke with the men. That day they had lost "a good platoon leader," and two minesweepers had been blown to smithereens by an undetectable plastic mine. The scene was described to me by an embittered young infantryman as "just arms and legs hanging in the trees." These men did not like An Thinh, they did not like Viet-Nam, and they did not like the Vietnamese. "I've got orders to level this place if we get fire," said the company commander, "but I've tried to be careful and not destroy too many houses. But I'm getting damned mad every day that I go in and lose a couple of men and tracks."

In the second week of the operation an outpost was established, and two platoons encamped with dubious appropriateness in the center of An Thinh's ancient graveyard. As was to be expected, the VC attempted to overrun the "logger camp" the first evening, but what they got for their efforts was approximately 100 rounds of eight-inch artillery on the camp's perimeter and a lethal, withering spray of minigun fire which I watched the Huey gunships pour on from above.

I visited An Thinh and its logger camp the following morning and found the Americans had not been driven off. Many bloody remains of VC soldiers had been discovered near the outpost, as well as knapsacks containing unfired rockets of Chinese manufacture which they had hoped to use on the Americans. They also left behind, scattered around the village, little pink leaflets which exhorted GI's to oppose the war in Viet-Nam during National GI Week. The leaflet is worth quoting in full:

AMERICAN GI's

From 1 to November 5, 1968, the American whole-country committee for an end to the U.S. aggressive war in Viet-Nam will organize an "American Serviceman's whole-country week" to support your anti-war and repatriation movement aiming at protesting the U.S. government to send U.S. youths to South Viet-Nam getting a useless death.

The Vietnamese people, students and youths and also the people in over the world warmly praise and have sympathy and support. You should:

—oppose the U.S. aggressive war in Viet-Nam.
—demand the U.S. government to negotiate with South Viet-Nam National Front for Liberation.
—demand a withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Viet-Nam and let the South Vietnamese people settle themselves their own internal affairs.
—demand a repatriation and not to go to battlefields to massacre the Vietnamese people who struggling for their independence, freedom, democracy and peace.

By doing so you should safeguard the prestige and honor of the United States and protect your life and family's happiness.

S.V.N.N.F.L. Gia Binh

As I walked back to Trang Bang, I thought that for every GI here who has heard of National GI Week and opposes this war, there are 5000 ready and willing to bring all manner of fire down on the Viet Cong's pitifully exposed heads. And they do it every day. Not more than a handful of soldiers are effectively opposed to the war. The Americans do not like it, but they fight it anyway. That is the catch. All the men who had seen the leaflets thought them a great joke.

With a climax of two B-52 strikes the next morning to insure that nothing remained alive in the rice paddies around An Thinh, the village was secured at last. Then the clearing began, which meant literally that, and the great Rome Plows got down to their serious work of changing forever the face of this once delightful village. "We're gonna make damned sure Charlie knows we're here to stay," a trooper informed me. The captain of the 65th Engineers Battalion, who was in charge of the bulldozers and making "Interstate 554 A" safe for democratic traffic, explained to me that their orders were to clear everything 150 yards back on both sides of the road. Houses which were not damaged too badly could be spared, but that did not leave many. An Thinh gradually disappeared, along with its many fruit and banana trees, vegetable gardens, drinking wells, and bamboo clumps. "We're not going to take any more sniper fire outa here," the captain said.

By now word of the obliteration of An Thinh was getting to higher authorities, especially those in the GVN and the Americans in Civil Operations—the "other war" people. What "other war" could there be if the military did the whole job? After all, you could not pacify a village if it was not there. The American senior advisor for the province and the province chief raised a great hue and cry, but too late.

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General Preer of the 25th Division dropped into Trang Bang with his chopper to learn what was going on and was briefed on the operation. He was not inclined to see much value in the methods being used, and he told the province chief he would see what he could do so that it would not happen again. "Maybe we all learned something from An Thinh," he commented. I wondered.

Colonel Bernard, the American provincial senior advisor and "counterpart" to the province chief, also dropped in. Being a great humanitarian liberal, he was angered by what was happening to An Thinh. The reports of the operation prompted untoward and singularly candid comments from him, such as "counterinsurgency warfare isn't fought with divisions," and, "I think 250,000 men should be sent home at once and they can take all the artillery and all the tanks and APC's with them." He confided to me, off the record, "We've lost this war in that we cannot win it, not this way." But he was still there fighting his lost war.

One American whose concern for An Thinh and Viet-Nam was more genuine than any I had yet seen was the young, idealistic civil operations (AID) advisor for the district. He spent the second week at An Thinh redirecting the improvident bulldozer operators around the valuable fruit trees and vegetable gardens. At least something could be saved, even if the houses were destroyed and the village made to look like a parched soccer field. "Hell, the Army can't provide a botanist to ride every bulldozer," remarked a member of the 65th Engineers. "Our job is to clear a three-hundred-yard-wide swath through the village so the road is safe for travel and that's what we're doing." The AID representative continued to direct the Rome Plows.

The supreme spectacle of the week came when the province chief, the famous Colonel Nhon (who, like General Ky, had fought *with* the French), arrived on the scene. He came in the evening with his pacification, propaganda and entertainment troupe—guitar players, dancers, actors (he himself acts)—with the intention of performing his incredible welcome-to-the-government-of-Viet-Nam show right in the center of An Thinh—at night. He also planned sleeping there to prove that An Thinh was now "relatively secure." Needless to say, the show was canceled when the population of An Thinh was nowhere to be found, and his sleeping plans were called off when he found that *no one* was sleeping in An Thinh except the two American platoons.

However, the following morning his minions rounded up 500 or so of An Thinh's refugees and gathered them in the cow paddock near the bridge. Colonel Nhon (back from a long weekend, he had known nothing of An Thinh) and Colonel Bernard set up a table and microphone and spoke to the displaced villagers.

The people sat stony-faced and silent in the morning sun and listened to Colonel Nhon tell them that if they did not cooperate with the GVN he would send the Americans back on more operations. "You don't want that, do you?" An elderly farmer stood up and addressed the province chief and said that he wanted no part of either side, he just wanted peace so he could farm his land. Nhon replied angrily, "No one remains in the middle in this struggle; if you are not with our side, then you must be with them." At a nod from Colonel Nhon, the National Police led the man out of the crowd for questioning.

Nhon went on to explain that the people responsible for the destruction of their village were the communists. "The communists brought this, the communists are guilty in the eyes of God and Country. If you had not let the communists in, this would not have happened. However, the GVN wants you all to make lists of what you have lost and we will try to make reparations, but we promise nothing."

Like the man of the people he purports to be, Colonel Nhon waded into the crowd and asked them to air their grievances. Most, of course, complained that their houses had been burned down and/or bulldozed away. But this they seemed to accept as an ineluctable part of war; what angered them most was the constant daily firing into what was left of their houses by the American machine gunners, the dropping of smoke grenades down wells, the plowing up of their fruit trees, and the disregard for their personal belongings which the troops displayed. And Colonel Nhon was informed that the soldiers were shitting in the houses.

"Shitting in the houses!" he exclaimed in English, looking fiercely into the bemused face of Colonel Bernard. "You hear what American soldiers do? What the hell!" Colonel Bernard walked over to the commander of the infantry company and asked if the men were really shitting in the houses, among other things.

"Sir, I don't know anything about An Thinh, I'm new here," the captain replied. "When I arrived it looked to me like a bomb had hit this place and these were just a bunch of abandoned houses." "Do you know why the Germans were defeated in Russia in World War II?" Bernard asked. "Because they didn't care a damn for the peasant population and they were driven into the hands of Stalin." "Yessir," said the captain, though the instruction seemed lost on him. "But we took a lot of casualties in here; yesterday we lost another track and a captain got killed when he opened a booby-trapped bunker. And we're supposed to be nice to these people?"

The official entourage proceeded in its ten-jeep convoy to the center of An Thinh. Colonel Bernard continued with the captain. "It does no good to shoot up all the houses like this, it only causes more problems." "We were only reconning by fire," the captain remarked. "Reconning by fire!" shouted Bernard. "I've never heard of reconning by fire." "Well, this is a free fire zone, isn't it?" "My good man, NO this is NOT a free fire zone; this is a village, and those people back there used to live in this village. They're what this war is all about. Don't you understand? It's because of all the An Thinhs that we're losing this war." "Yes *Sir*," the captain said.

The group gathered at the charred remains of what had been a substantially large home, and Colonel Nhon talked with its owner. Then the province chief shook his head and began a quiet philosophical colloquy with Colonel Bernard. They walked to another blackened skeleton of a house and talked of the future of Viet-Nam. "Psywar" leaflets fluttered down from the sky adjuring the people to inform against VC and to reveal arms caches, and the bulldozers cleared another three acres while they discussed the useless destruction. Finally, Colonel Nhon turned to the contemplative Colonel Bernard and said, "Well, what now, American Advisor?" Colonel Bernard pondered that for a while.

Roger Williams is a free-lance correspondent, accredited by the Department of Defense Press Service in Saigon.

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The Game

The Rules of the Game

THE OBJECT of the game is to be the first player to reach Revolution with at least FIFTEEN (15) Psychic Scars in your possession.

EQUIPMENT NEEDED: One die (half of two dice), markers for each player, and a large number of small objects (i.e. pieces of paper, cigarette butts, etc.). The small objects will be used to represent Psychic Scars.

TO PLAY: Each player in succession rolls the die and moves his marker that number of spaces forward. Each player has the option to move backward if he/she so desires FIVE (5) times during the game.

PSYCHIC SCARS: When a player lands on a space that directs him to gain or lose Psychic Scars, he/she rolls the die to see how many Psychic Scars he will gain or lose. After taking/losing the appropriate number of Psychic Scars, the player then follows the other instructions on the space. Remember, you need at least FIFTEEN (15) Psychic Scars in your possession to reach Revolution.

LANDING ON A SPACE OCCUPIED BY ANOTHER PLAYER: A player may move another player backward OR forward THREE (3) spaces when he lands on the same space occupied by the other player. This is optional, not mandatory. If necessary, the player whose turn it is waits for the other player to follow any instructions on the new space to which he/she has been moved, and then proceeds to follow the instructions which appear in the space on which he has landed.

GAOL: A player who is sent to Gaol takes his turn in the usual order. However, as he approaches the last space of Gaol, he must throw the exact number needed to land there. When he does this, the other players vote on where he will return to the game. It is therefore advisable not to make enemies outside while you are in Gaol.

WAR: After losing FIVE (5) turns, the player who is sent to War throws the die and receives THREE (3) times that many Psychic Scars. Then he is permitted to reenter the game, through a vote of the other players, who will determine his new position on the board.

CO-OPTION: When a player is sent to Co-option, he lands on a numbered space. This number represents his earnings, in thousands for one year. TO GET OUT OF CO-OPTION, the player rolls the die and moves forward in his usual turn, trying to land on a space with instructions. You may utilize your FIVE (5) chances to move backward while you are on the road to Co-option, to maneuver yourself onto a space with instructions, or to forestall the inevitable. When you reach the end of the road to Co-option, you lose.

by Mary Morhoff

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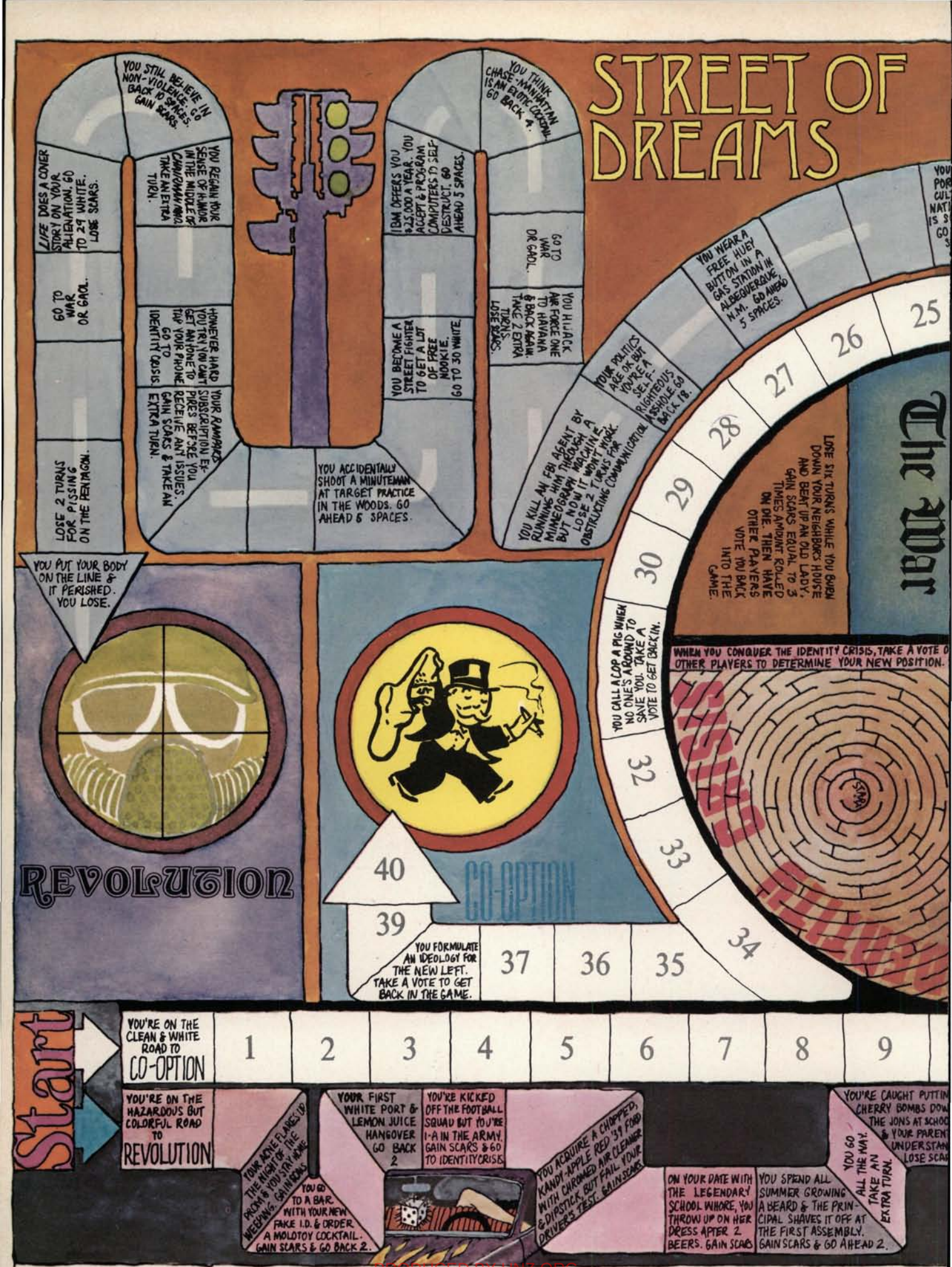
STREET OF DREAMS


YOU STILL BELIEVE IN NON-VIOLENCE. GO BACK 10 SPACES. GAIN SCARS.
YOU REGAIN YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IN THE MIDDLE OF CHAIRMAN MAO'S TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.
LIFE DOES A COVER STORY ON YOUR ALIENATION. GO TO 29 WHITE. LOSE SCARS.
GO TO WAR OR GAOL.
HOWEVER HARD YOU TRY YOU CAN'T GET AN HONE TO TAP YOUR PHONE GO TO IDENTITY CRISIS.
YOUR RAMPARTS SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES BEFORE YOU RECEIVE ANY ISSUES. GAIN SCARS & TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.
LOSE 2 TURNS FOR PISSING ON THE PENTAGON.
YOU ACCIDENTALLY SHOOT A MINUTEMAN AT TARGET PRACTICE IN THE WOODS. GO AHEAD 5 SPACES.
YOU BECOME A STREET FIGHTER TO GET A LOT OF FREE NOOKIE. GO TO 30 WHITE.
IBM OFFERS YOU $25,000 A YEAR. YOU ACCEPT & PROGRAM COMPUTERS TO SELF-DESTRUCT. GO AHEAD 3 SPACES.
YOU THINK CHASE-MANHATTAN IS AN EXOTIC COCKTAIL. GO BACK 4.
GO TO WAR OR GAOL.
YOU HIJACK AIR FORCE ONE TO HAVANA & BACK AGAIN. TAKE 2 EXTRA TURNS. GAIN SCARS.
YOU KILL AN FBI AGENT BY RUNNING HIM THROUGH A MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE. BUT NOW IT WON'T WORK. LOSE 2 TURNS FOR OBSTRUCTING COMMUNICATION.
YOUR POLITICS ARE OK BUT YOU'RE A SELF-RIGHTEOUS ASSHOLE GO BACK 18.
YOU WEAR A FREE HUEY BUTTON IN A GAS STATION IN ALBEQUERQUE, N.M. GO AHEAD 5 SPACES.
25
26
27
28
29
30
LOSE SIX TURNS WHILE YOU BURN DOWN YOUR NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE AND BEAT UP AN OLD LADY. GAIN SCARS EQUAL TO 3 TIMES AMOUNT ROLLED ON DIE. THEN HAVE OTHER PLAYERS VOTE YOU BACK INTO THE GAME.
The War
YOU CALL A COP A PIG WHEN NO ONE'S AROUND TO SAVE YOU. TAKE A VOTE TO GET BACK IN.
31
32
33
34
WHEN YOU CONQUER THE IDENTITY CRISIS, TAKE A VOTE O OTHER PLAYERS TO DETERMINE YOUR NEW POSITION.
YOU PUT YOUR BODY ON THE LINE & IT PERISHED. YOU LOSE.
REVOLUTION
CO-OPTION
40
39
YOU FORMULATE AN IDEOLOGY FOR THE NEW LEFT. TAKE A VOTE TO GET BACK IN THE GAME.
37
36
35
Start
YOU'RE ON THE CLEAN & WHITE ROAD TO CO-OPTION
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
YOU'RE ON THE HAZARDOUS BUT COLORFUL ROAD TO REVOLUTION
YOUR ACNE FLARES UP THE NIGHT OF THE PROM & YOU STAY HOME WEEPING. GAIN SCARS
YOUR FIRST WHITE PORT & LEMON JUICE HANGOVER GO BACK 2
YOU'RE KICKED OFF THE FOOTBALL SQUAD BUT YOU'RE 1-A IN THE ARMY. GAIN SCARS & GO TO IDENTITY CRISIS.
YOU GO TO A BAR WITH YOUR NEW FAKE I.D. & ORDER A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL. GAIN SCARS & GO BACK 2.
YOU ACQUIRE A CHOPPED, KANDY-APPLE RED '39 FORD WITH CHROMED AIR CLEANER & DIPSTICK, BUT FAIL YOUR DRIVERS TEST. GAIN SCARS
ON YOUR DATE WITH THE LEGENDARY SCHOOL WHORE, YOU THROW UP ON HER DRESS AFTER 2 BEERS. GAIN SCARS
YOU SPEND ALL SUMMER GROWING A BEARD & THE PRINCIPAL SHAVES IT OFF AT THE FIRST ASSEMBLY. GAIN SCARS & GO AHEAD 2.
YOU GO ALL THE WAY! TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.
YOU'RE CAUGHT PUTTIN CHERRY BOMBS DOW THE JONS AT SCHOO & YOUR PARENT UNDERSTAN LOSE SCAR

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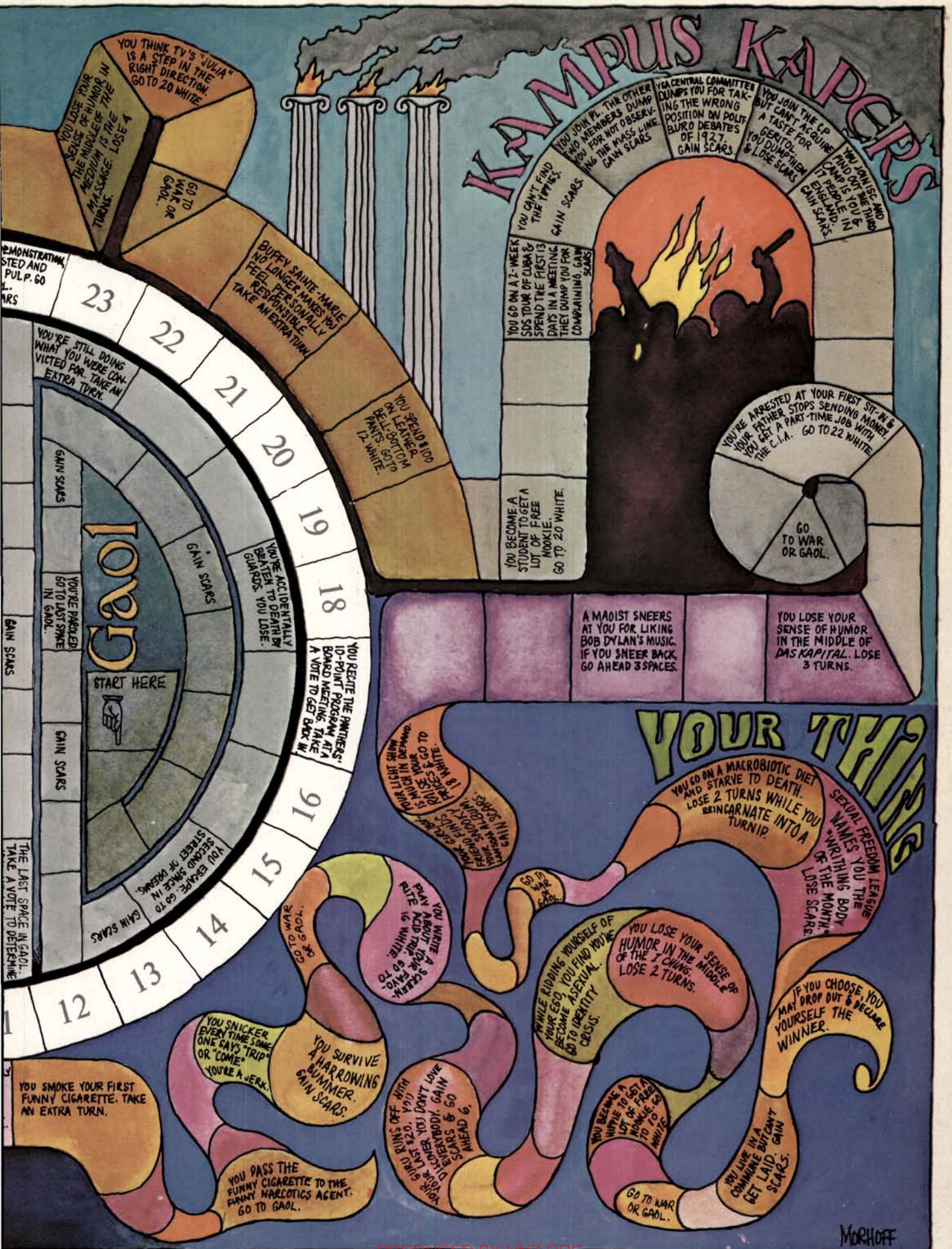
KAMPUS KAPERS
YOUR THING
GO!
START HERE
YOU THINK TV'S "JULIA" IS A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. GO TO 20 WHITE.
YOU LOSE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MEDIUM IS THE MASSAGE. LOSE 4 TURNS.
GO TO WAR OR GAOL.
BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE NO LONGER MAKES YOU FEEL PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE. TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.
YOU SPEND $100 ON LEATHER BELLBOTTOM PANTS. GO TO 12 WHITE.
YOU BECOME A STUDENT TO GET A LOT OF FREE NOOKIE. GO TO 20 WHITE.
YOU GO ON A 12-WEEK SDS TOUR OF CUBA & SPEND THE FIRST 13 DAYS IN A MEETING THEY DUMP YOU FOR COMPLAINING. GAIN SCARS.
YOU CAN'T FIND THE TOILETS. GAIN SCARS.
YOU JOIN PL. THE OTHER TWO MEMBERS DUMP YOU FOR NOT OBSERVING THE MASS LINE. GAIN SCARS.
YCA CENTRAL COMMITTEE DUMPS YOU FOR TAKING THE WRONG POSITION ON POLIT BURO DEBATES OF 1927. GAIN SCARS.
YOU JOIN THE CP BUT CAN'T ACQUIRE A TASTE FOR GERITOL. YOU DUMP THEM & LOSE SCARS.
YOU JOIN SIS AND FIND OUT THE THIRD CAMP IS YOU & 17 PEOPLE IN ENGLAND. GAIN SCARS.
YOU'RE ARRESTED AT YOUR FIRST SIT-IN & YOUR FATHER STOPS SENDING MONEY. YOU GET A PART-TIME JOB WITH THE C.I.A. GO TO 22 WHITE.
GO TO WAR OR GAOL.
A MAOIST SNEERS AT YOU FOR LIKING BOB DYLAN'S MUSIC. IF YOU SNEER BACK, GO AHEAD 3 SPACES.
YOU LOSE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IN THE MIDDLE OF DAS KAPITAL. LOSE 3 TURNS.
YOU'RE STILL DOING WHAT YOU WERE CONVICTED FOR. TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.
GAIN SCARS
YOU'RE PARDONED GO TO LAST SPACE IN GAOL.
YOU'RE ACCIDENTALLY BEATEN TO DEATH BY GUARDS. YOU LOSE.
YOU RECITE THE PANTHERS' 10-POINT PROGRAM AT A BOARD MEETING. TAKE A VOTE TO GET BACK IN.
YOU ESCAPE. GO TO SECOND SPACE IN STREET OF DREAMS.
THE LAST SPACE IN GAOL: TAKE A VOTE TO DETERMINE
YOU SMOKE YOUR FIRST FUNNY CIGARETTE. TAKE AN EXTRA TURN.
YOU SNICKER EVERY TIME SOMEONE SAYS "TRIP" OR "COME." YOU'RE A JERK.
YOU SURVIVE A HARROWING BUMMER. GAIN SCARS.
YOU PASS THE FUNNY CIGARETTE TO THE FUNNY NARCOTICS AGENT. GO TO GAOL.
YOU WRITE A SCREEN-TO-PAGE ACID TRIP. GO TO 16 WHITE.
GO TO WAR OR GAOL.
YOUR GIRL RUNS OFF WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND. YOU DON'T LOVE ANYBODY. GAIN SCARS & GO AHEAD 6.
WHILE RIDDING YOURSELF OF YOUR EGO, YOU FIND YOU'VE BECOME ASEXUAL. GO TO IDENTITY CRISIS.
YOU LOSE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IN THE MIDDLE OF THE I CHING. LOSE 2 TURNS.
YOU BECAME A HIPPIE TO GET A LOT OF FREE NOOKIE. GO TO 10 WHITE.
GO TO WAR OR GAOL.
YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNE BUT CAN'T GET LAID. GAIN SCARS.
YOU GO ON A MACROBIOTIC DIET AND STARVE TO DEATH. LOSE 2 TURNS WHILE YOU REINCARNATE INTO A TURNIP.
SEXUAL FREEDOM LEAGUE NAMES YOU THE "WRITHING BODY OF THE MONTH." LOSE SCARS.
IF YOU CHOOSE, YOU MAY DROP OUT & DECLARE YOURSELF THE WINNER.
MORHOFF

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Portnoy's Compliance

by Peter Collier

IN HIS PRIME YEARS WITH THE DODGERS, after the team had moved west from Brooklyn, the great Sandy Koufax annoyed Los Angeles baseball diehards by refusing to pitch on Yom Kippur. The subject was not negotiable, even when the opening game of the World Series was at stake. But when he did take the mound, Koufax had a methodical magnificence that couldn't be denied. And the fans (weighing their irritation over this annual disloyalty against their awe for his strikeout records and no-hitters) began to call him "SuperJew."

Koufax has retired now. There'll never be another left-hander like him, Dodger fans will tell you. But another Super-Jew? Koufax didn't really earn the title by his modest yearly observance. And a worthier candidate has since appeared. A would-be centerfielder himself, suspecting that Jewish clichés compose the bitter ironies of his own life (one of the more minor being that he is condemned to wear his unconscious, not a baseball player's insignia, on his sleeve), Alexander Portnoy is the man. According to his admirers, the hero of Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* is as representative an American as Jay Gatsby or Holden Caulfield, and the first of his ethnic group to be inducted into this gentile Hall of Fame.

There must have been times when the Jews wondered if they'd ever be accepted in the New World. They have been, but the dues were high. That America demanded them, that they were paid—all this stands behind Portnoy's saga: the coming of SuperJew to Supermarket.

Portnoy is a secular man who spends the novel on the psychiatrist's couch, religiously gnawing at the traumatic episodes in his passage from pampered youth to frustrated manhood. His psychodrama is powered by his parents. The father: self-annihilating, blockaded by constipation, certain that the WASP insurance company he works for has anti-Semitically failed to promote him to a deserved $15,000 a year. The mother: remembered standing over her son with a knife to make him finish his dinner and checking his "poopie" for signs of looseness when he is a teenager. They are familiar figures in the Freudian allegory. The father stoically concedes victory to his infant son in the Great Oedipal Conflict. Alexander gets the redoubtable Sophy all to himself: Jewish Mama par excellence, love-tyrant, maker of phobic boy-men, basis for all my-son-the-doctor routines, she has perfected a systems-analysis approach to instilling guilt, and she uses it. Alexander suffers—within the confines of the stereotyped situation.

Alternately raging and supplicating, Portnoy condemns the Jewishness that he feels has permanently infantilized him. He gladly confesses to all kinds of secret vice. ("The Raskolnikov of jerking off," he calls himself, and notes that he has left evidence everywhere: in the basement milk bottle, in liver purchases on the way to *bar mitzvah* lessons, in his sister's padded bras, and, at his most Promethean, on the bathroom light bulb.) The trouble is that he can't get satisfaction—in his masturbating heyday or later on when he takes out his anger on the flaxen-haired WASP women who were the unattainable goddesses of his youth. Thinking that sex might be the key to his liberation, but knowing fatalistically that his heart always belongs to Mama, he tries to get free in a whole series of places and postures.

Stalemated in the game of genitals, he winds up being

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diagnosed by his Dr. Speilvogel: "Acts of exhibitionism, voyeurism, fetishism, auto-eroticism and oral coitus are plentiful; as a consequence of the patient's 'morality,' however, neither fantasy nor act issues in genuine sexual gratification, but rather in overriding feelings of shame and dread."

Beginning with the constricting circumstances of the family apartment and tracing his secret life into adulthood, Portnoy winds up in Israel—impotent in the land of the fathers and kicked in the stomach by a stout Sabra girl he tries to seduce. She finds him decadent and decidedly like an American Jew. It is the perfect circle of affliction; he ends at the beginning, with his comfortless Jewish heritage socking it to him.

Sperm splatters the pages to the tempo of a lighthearted self-hatred. If the treatment is unique, the themes are common in modern American writing. In *Letting Go* and others of his works, Roth himself has shown how the sins of the father—and mother—are visited on the son; how the generational conflicts that occur in the viscous, guilt-ridden atmosphere of the ethnic middle class make it difficult to become a man. But in this book, Portnoy's complaints are as much an illusion as a tragedy; caused as much by the absence of Jewish ethos as by its presence. It is all very ambiguous, his endless moaning about the Jews and what they've done to him. Can any of it be taken seriously any more? Has Jewishness become an erotic shaggy-dog story? Portnoy senses the whole thing as a burlesque, with the added complication that the burlesque has become the reality. His affliction is the residue of Jewishness distilled in the melting pot. "This is my life, my only life," Portnoy pleads with the silent Speilvogel, "and I'm living it in the middle of a Jewish joke. . . . Please, who crippled us like this? Who made us so morbid and hysterical and weak? . . . Doctor, what do you call the sickness I have? Is this the Jewish suffering I used to hear so much about? Is this what has come down to me from the pogroms and persecution?"

Portnoy is good at the game of psychiatric hide-and-seek, so you can't be sure that he really wants answers. But if he doesn't mean to call into question the results of the Jewish experience in America, the fact that his monologue has been embraced so enthusiastically by the mass-cult brings it up.

IT IS THE WRITER'S PREROGATIVE TO EXPLOIT—his acquaintances, his experience, his ethos, himself, anything that is useful to the fiction. And Roth can't be faulted for touching all these bases in *Portnoy's Complaint*, or for taking advantage of the erotic revolution pushing up from the paperback underground. But if his book is not, as has been charged, a collection of cheap thrills hiding behind the fig leaf of the best-seller lists, neither is it the profound statement on the human condition that some claim. Either by design or by the workings of the *zeitgeist*, this is one of those books that captures the rhythms of change in a time of social crisis, in this case of the whole decaying tradition that made a Portnoy possible.

In the making long before the waves of Jewish immigrants arrived in steerage at the shores of the New World, were decontaminated at Ellis Island and suffered to pack into the big cities, this tradition seemed to mesh nicely with the American dream of open-ended social mobility. Like Portnoy's sad and constipated father, these men wanted their sons to make it into a more comfortable world. That they succeeded is apparent in the mixture of blessings that afflicts Portnoy, and it can be seen with even greater clarity in the extent to which our culture depends on Jews for intellectual style and literary heroes, for its moral starch.

The Jewish intellectualism that is the subject of so much talk these days had begun to fill America's culture vacuum by the '30s. By the mid-'50s, it had forced a flowering of thought and literature that has been called a "Jewish renaissance." (Portnoy is its rococo afterthought.) Its primary assumption was that Jews, especially after the Nazi genocide, could speak with special authority on the themes that intrigued the postwar imagination: guilt and suffering, expiation and redemption. The intellectuals provided the tone of this renaissance—intelligent and urbane, wide-ranging and social in emphasis; the writers built onto it a new kind of literature with a special notion of heroism.

The Jewish strain of American fiction has developed in all sorts of directions over the last few years: into social and individual apocalypse, black comedy and self-parody. But in its best moments (mainly in the novels of Bellow and Malamud), it has sent out heroes like spies to report on a fragmented world where cruelty and desperation are the rule. These characters engage and disengage, suffer enough to resolve, tentatively, their own problems and to affirm, also tentatively, the basic worth of the human enterprise: Augie March moving uncommittedly in and out of a tapestry of human misery in Chicago and points beyond; Henderson bellowing in Africa and frantically singing snatches of "The Messiah"; Yakov Bok, his spirit expanded as he is punished and still remains human—these characters try to come to terms with the world's limitations and their own.

Christlike in the way they take responsibility on themselves and Jewish in their need to give order, even an approximate one, to chaos, they are intellectual combatants in a world gone functionally mad. It is not of their making, but by an act of imagination they make it theirs. They become scientists in the study of survival.

This renaissance did not die. Rather, it became the majority fictional style of the early '60s, leading—if nowhere else—to an outburst of fiction whose human density was greater than that which preceded it. It also produced the great cultural upsurge of the late '50s and is probably intimately connected with the sense of commitment that characterized the early '60s. It prided itself not on changing American traditions but on taking them over. (That a Jew could be a pacesetting American novelist was itself a cause for euphoria.) It brought liberalism to a focus. But the social trends it helped motivate, giving them a tone of moral passion and purpose, have run into dead ends and become fragmented. They undergo a reevaluation that questions their origins.

In a sense, Portnoy is a prodigal son of this tradition, the eventual result of its triumph. Guilt, suffering, moral confusion—all these elements are present in his monologue. But they have no clarification of things as an end. Portnoy can imagine beautifully how it *feels* to play center field; how a great player would *act*. He has all the moves down pat, but he can't hit the ball. Just so: he has the stance of these other characters, but not their swing. Portnoy's Jewishness turns inward, feeding off itself instead of going outward. He can't help it, of course. But in a sense, his self-hatred is the other side of the coin from smug race pride. Portnoy talks constantly about how Jewish he is, but Jewishness doesn't distinguish him. It has come

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down to this: a collection of neuroses gathered into a comic psychic syndrome. Inert and trivialized, Jewishness has become a joke. When all was said and done, that was the only identity America could allow it.

PORTNOY HAS THE JEWISH BLUES and he knows it. His own tendency to overburden his experience with Meaning probably should not be imitated, and at any rate, there are other signs that a crucial point in the Jewish experience has been reached: the movie version of *The Fixer* transforming Yakov Bok into "a hero for his people"; Jews on the cover of Time arrayed against blacks; the New York school crisis. There is also something more telling than any of these passing phenomena: the decadence of the whole intellectual tradition that helped make Portnoy a smart and ambitious man, and then gave him over not to Marx but to Freud.

Some of these intellectuals see it as a good time to write memoirs of how they made it into the New York Literary-Intellectual Complex. This may be therapeutic for an ego no longer certain of its problem-solving capacity, but it also indicates the decadence of the tradition—turning it into a high school gossip-vine of who is sleeping with whom. These memoirs also manage to obscure the real contribution of these Jewish intellectuals: taking culture out of bohemia and making it a public enterprise. By the late '20s, they had begun to congregate around either small magazines or political movements. Both factors, as well as their own cosmopolitanism, helped make them the first group to succeed in this country as cultural arbiters since the New England Brahmins of the 19th century, and the Jews did so without their predecessors' implied class prerogatives. In a remarkably short time they had not only escaped from the ghetto into the American mainstream, but had also diverted its course to fit their own needs.

As they made New York into a cultural megalopolis, they became what Norman Podhoretz calls, in *Making It*, a "family." Closely-knit, having a common style and interests, they fought and bickered among themselves as a matter of principle, but remained fairly united on the larger issues. They began as radicals in culture and politics. But their moment of political truth came in the '30s, when they were generally scared off from radicalism by Stalinism and retreated into more purely cultural considerations. By the '50s, they would divide almost equally over the question of who was the bigger threat to America, McCarthy or Russia. And generally they would, like Podhoretz, identify themselves as "intellectual" rather than "political"—implying that the latter was too sectarian for their wide-ranging sensibilities, when in truth it was too costly. Those who did continue to identify themselves as political in one way or another more likely than not wound up like Irving Howe: a "democratic radical" who is offended even by a modest revolution within such an autocratic institution as the Modern Language Association (the doddering tyrant of journals, setting the standards for scholarly articles on English literature), a "socialist" who is far more eloquent in his outrage at student confrontationists than at the war in Viet-Nam.

It is no accident that in a time which finds *Portnoy's Complaint* an important document, the Howes and Podhoretzes (aligning themselves against the New York Review of Books as a follower of fads, while they themselves follow the path to the grail) should find much in their world to be distraught over. Their many critiques of the black revolution (a sibling threat to the Jews?) and student leftists exhibit wit and intelligence. But they lack breadth, and one senses that they may be self-serving. Like Portnoy, they find it a good time for therapeutic self-examination: they write an account of the Jewish intellectuals, the family. Their subject is themselves.

IF THE ONLY STANDARD were the blue-eyed beauties who flit through the erotic gunsights of Portnoy (he seeks vengeance on them and his mother for his father and himself); who wander bumptiously through the nation's situation comedies—then it would seem that the WASP stranglehold on culture was very great indeed. The presumption is that these social models can sell the nation's products by commercial and advertisement because they are the majority's fantasy of itself. But they are as much a symbol of its desperation, a fantasy without substance and without enough density and structure to define an individual life. Henry James saw all this at the turn of the century and went off to Europe to find a society that could support fiction.

WASP culture has been forced to seek heavy transfusions of identity and moral purpose from its minorities. It soaks up their ethos and calls it American. This syndrome is similar to one in our history, so familiar now that it is almost a cliché: the plantation owner has a mansion and a highborn lady with features fine as Dresden china to occupy it; she is his consort and provides a facade, but he goes to the slave quarters after dark for the real thing—exotic, dark and vulgar.

America goes to its slave quarters for culture. A few decades ago, it was the inbred, passionate, and vaguely gothic atmosphere of the reconstructed South—a regional ghetto unto the nation as a whole—that seized the country's imagination. It had possibilities for a profound tragic sense that couldn't be found on Main Street. In our own time it has been the Jews who provided the moral starch. They have been our creators, and as Portnoy knows, our victims. The Jewish experience is a noble thing, but its modern American aspect has been bled of any possibly dangerous elements. It has become strictly mass-kosher. It was serviceable for a while, but now America is ready to go on to the next demon and/or redeemer—the blacks.

Perhaps it is a delusion to think that the Jews could have reformed this country, instead of being reformed by it. Initially, though, they had the proper perspective. In 1930, Michael Gold wrote *Jews Without Money*, his poignant chronicle of immigrant life. "America is so fat and rich," he says at one point, "because it has eaten the tragedy of millions of immigrants." This was an insight into the nature of the enemy: all-absorbing, all-consuming America, which ate the immigrants' tragedy both because of its own hunger and to eliminate the threat. That was the enemy. The enemy today? For Irving Howe it is those who are trying to understand how America absorbs and corrupts. And for Alexander Portnoy—a whining genius, wheedling, masturbating in body and soul—it is Mama and a Jewishness whose only remaining power in his life is that it is an incomprehensible joke which he must decipher.

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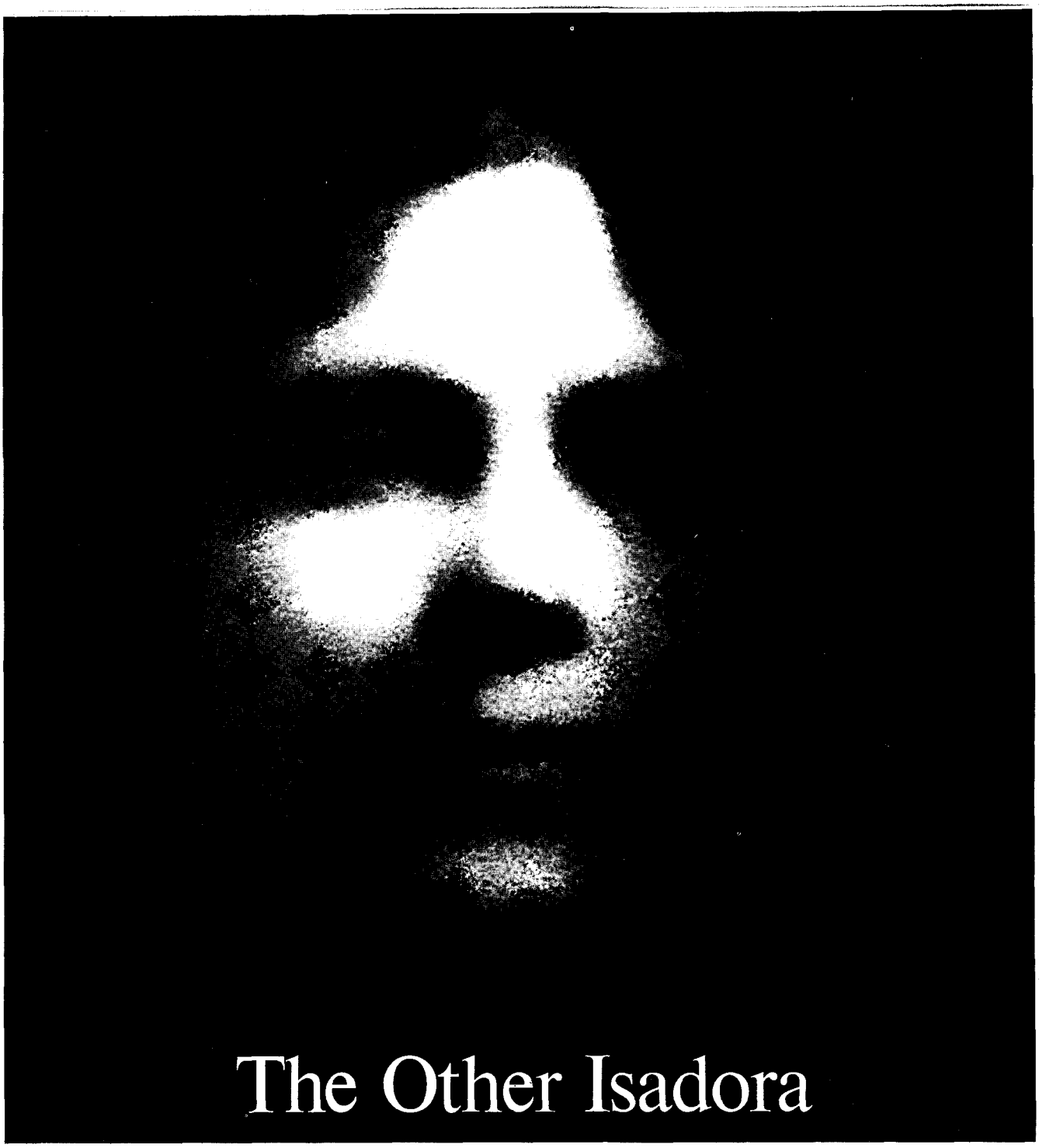

The Other Isadora

"When Vanessa Redgrave accepted the title role in the motion picture, 'The Loves of Isadora,' she dedicated a year of her life to this exacting part . . . to the portrayal of these three great loves. She immersed herself into the role of Isadora Duncan and her loves and youthful dreams so completely that emotionally you may never again be able to separate one from the other. . . ."

—Advertisement for the movie

"NOTHING IS FURTHER FROM THE ACTUAL truth of a personality than the hero or heroine of the average cinema play or novel," the great dancer Isadora Duncan wrote in her autobiography. Believing she could psychically anticipate the future events of her life, she might well have had before her a sudden vision of how she would be viewed after death, a premonition of the just-released movie, "The Loves of Isadora," which has abstracted from the rich tapestry of her life an unspeakably banal story of three love affairs.

There is an Isadora Duncan you will never see portrayed on the silver screen: a creative genius who founded the modern dance, a magnificent woman, as courageous in her life as she was daring and innovative in her art. Had she been a man, no doubt the movie would have been a celebration of his courageous struggle for his art, with his love life playing a secondary, if colorful, role. Had she been merely a bluestocking, a serious and intellectual dancer who lived her life with discipline; or only a courtesan famed throughout Europe for her beauty, her lovers and her flaunting of her illegitimate children,

by Susan Gordon Lydon

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the movie might have treated her with more respect. But she was all these things and more—a full-bodied, complex, heroic human being—and since our culture is still not ready to accept any woman as a hero, she had to be debased. So Isadora is accorded the usual one-dimensional treatment given to women in the cinema: she is a sexual object, defined primarily by the men in her life, a Hollywood sex goddess heroine in the long tradition ranging from Cleopatra and Mata Hari to Petulia. Isadora's revolutionary politics, her views on love and marriage, her important contribution to dance, are presented to us mainly as the excesses of an extravagant and emotional woman, not, by any means, to be seriously considered. They pale beside "the three great loves in her life."

Not that one would expect more of Hollywood, but "The Loves of Isadora," though it looks, tastes, smells and feels like Hollywood, was conceived and brought to fruition by British leftists—director Karel Reisz and actress Vanessa Redgrave. Vanessa Redgrave probably did enter into a passionate and romantic identification with the part, seeing herself as the Isadora Duncan of her day, a serious and creative actress whose devotion to left-wing politics has had the same alienating effect on her audience that it had on Isadora's. But if Vanessa's politics are emotional and extravagant, more an embarrassment than an asset to the British left, Isadora's were not, and one should be able to separate the two.

The fault is not entirely with those who made the movie, however. Most of the material is from Isadora's autobiography, written near the end of her life when she was chronically broke, fat and still desperately trying to forget her grief over the death of her two children, drowned when their car ran off the road into the Seine River in 1913. Isadora herself was a bit of a mythmaker, embroidering and elaborating on the events of her life as she recounted them in her memoirs in purple prose and with the panache worthy of a great *femme du monde* who saw her life as "more interesting than any novel and more adventurous than any cinema and, if really well written . . . an epoch-making recital." The woman who would write, "That night when, on the balcony, I saw their two heads together, silhouetted against the moon, I was again a prey to the petty, human feeling, which wrought such havoc that I wandered forth wildly alone, and brooded over a Sapphic leap from the Parthenon's rock," was every bit as extravagant and romantic as the movie makes her out to be.

But Isadora needs to be rescued from her own romanticism as well as from the romanticism of filmmakers who would trivialize her by characterizing her as a rather quaint eccentric to be remembered chiefly as a sexual libertine. One also has to rescue Isadora from her biographers, for so strong is the prejudicial force of the conventional image of womanhood that even they, who loved and respected her, cannot refrain from treating her paternalistically and somewhat contemptuously.

THE CONTEMPT OF THE BIOGRAPHERS seems to center on her politics, which they would just as soon dismiss or ignore, or pass off as "dear Isadora's *extraordinary* opinions." After she went to Russia in 1921 to realize her lifelong dream of a state-subsidized school of the dance, where thousands of poor children might dance the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, she was assumed by the Western world to be a Bolshevik and was treated accordingly: denied entrance visas to France and Germany and subjected to

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humiliating treatment by American immigration authorities when she and her husband, the Russian poet Sergei Essenin, arrived for an American tour in 1922. She was denounced by the American evangelist Billy Sunday as "that Bolshevik hussy who doesn't wear enough clothes to pad a crutch," and feeling against her sympathies for the Russian Revolution ran so high that many of her appearances were canceled.

Of course Isadora, as she said many times, was not a Bolshevik. Her response to politics was based on a passionately intense sympathy for revolutionary struggles, a sympathy that stemmed as naturally from her innermost being and her radical artistic vision as did her ineffably graceful movement. It must be understood that Isadora Duncan's dancing was as much an intellectual endeavor as an aesthetic one; her dance was an attempt to express idea through movement, to interpret the ideas and feelings of the great orchestral, instrumental and operatic music of the classical composers which had not previously been used as dance music. As dance critics often said about her, she was the first dancer ever to dance the music, rather than dance *to* it, and as one remarked, "She found dance an art. She will leave it a language."

Her dance found its greatest form of expression in the interpretation of revolutionary struggle, and her most moving and famous dance was the "Marseillaise" (not the dance of Salome, which she herself never performed, though it was often performed by her imitators who were much appreciated in America), which she created during World War I. She danced it on the afternoon of April 9, 1916 in Paris as the German guns battered Verdun. The dance, "a mime of man's eternal quest for freedom," roused the audience to a frenzy. As Allan Ross MacDougall, her friend and biographer, described it: "The emotional outburst that filled the great hall as the American dancer, proud and statuesque in her blood-red tunic and red shawl, mimed with incredible intensity the four stanzas of the heart-thrilling patriotic song, remains indescribable. Men and women—the elite of France, artists, poets, soldiers on leave, politicians—wept unashamedly and sang *Aux armes citoyens* as the dancer imperiously, with proud, wide gestures, beckoned to a great unseen army that seemed to fill the stage at her magnetic command. At the end, as she stood filled with patriotic fury, her left breast bare as in the Rude statue in the Arc de Triomphe which had been her inspiration, the auditorium shook with the cheers of the audience."

Similarly, she wrote in her autobiography: "On the day of the announcement of the Russian Revolution all lovers of freedom were filled with hopeful joy, and that night I danced the 'Marseillaise' in the real original Revolutionary spirit in which it was composed, and followed it with my interpretation of the 'Marche Slav,' in which appears the Hymn to the Tsar, and I pictured the down-trodden serf under the lash of the whip.

"It is strange that in all my Art career it has been these movements of despair and revolt that have most attracted me. In my red tunic I have constantly danced the Revolution and the call to arms of the oppressed.

"On the night of the Russian Revolution I danced with a terrible fierce joy. My heart was bursting within me at the release of all those who had suffered, been tortured, died in the cause of Humanity."

She danced the "Internationale" for Party leaders in the Soviet Union at the Fourth Anniversary Celebration of the Revolution; she once draped herself in the flag of Argentina and composed an impromptu dance to the national hymn for Argentine students thronging about her in the streets on the anniversary of Argentina's freedom (thereby financially wrecking her South American tour). She revolutionized the dance, and she continually danced the revolution, so movingly that it was said that even at the end of her life, when her body was somewhat ungainly and her movements minimal, she could still stir her audiences "to ecstasy, to tears, to adoration." Her dance, as she said many times, was a celebration of the freedom of the human spirit. Often, while traveling in the Soviet Union, she would give impromptu dance lessons to groups of peasant children, and on one occasion, when they had regaled her with some peasant dances, she told them, "These are the dances of slaves you have danced. All the movements go down to the earth. You must learn to dance the dance of Free People. You must hold your heads high and throw out your arms, wide, as though you would embrace the whole universe in a great fraternal gesture."

She was given to making speeches from the stage after her performances, to plead for state funds to subsidize her school, or to attack the smug bourgeoisie who sat in the audience. She would tell her audiences, "My work is only appreciated by the people in the gallery because they are intelligent." She regretted that for the most part only the rich could afford to see her dance, as she had created her art for the appreciation of the people, and her ideal school was to be a school for the children of workers. She said she left Europe for Russia because in Europe "art has been crushed by commercialism," and she wrote to Lunacharsky, the People's Commissar of Education, to ask for her school: "I am sick of the bourgeois, commercial art. I want to dance for the masses, for the working people who need my art and have never had the money to come and see me."

None of this appears in the movie.

CONTEMPORARY DANCE CRITICS, evaluating Isadora's lasting contribution to the dance, bemoan the fact that there was no part in the Duncan technique for the male: her art was essentially feminine, designed for the female body; she never attempted to teach male students, and men never performed with her. The primary object of her dance technique, as she saw it, was to celebrate the beauty and holiness of the natural movements of the female body. "The ballet," against which she railed most of her life, "condemns itself by enforcing the deformation of the beautiful woman's body!" "If my art is symbolic of any one thing," she told the Boston newsmen following a particularly scandalous performance, "it is symbolic of the freedom of woman and her emancipation from the hidebound conventions that are the warp and woof of New England puritanism." She expanded on this in her book, *The Dance*:

"The dancer of the future . . . will dance, not in the form of nymph, nor fairy, nor coquette, but in the form of woman in its greatest and purest expression. She will realize the mission of woman's body and the holiness of all its parts. From all parts of her body shall shine radiant intelligence, bringing to the world the message of the thoughts and aspirations of thousands of women. She shall dance the freedom of woman.

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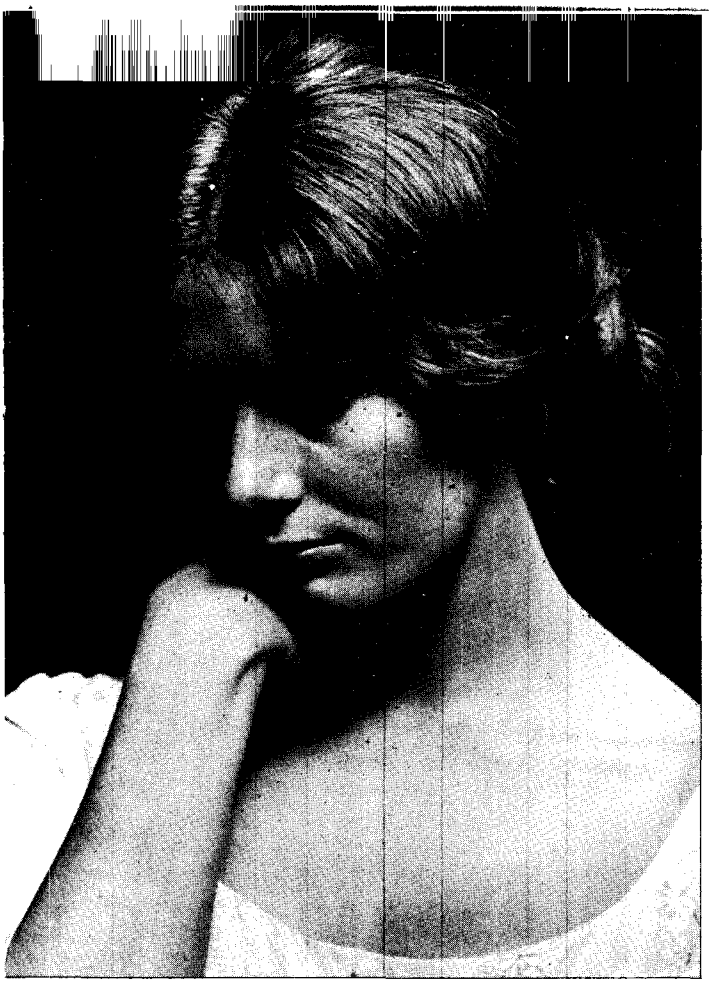

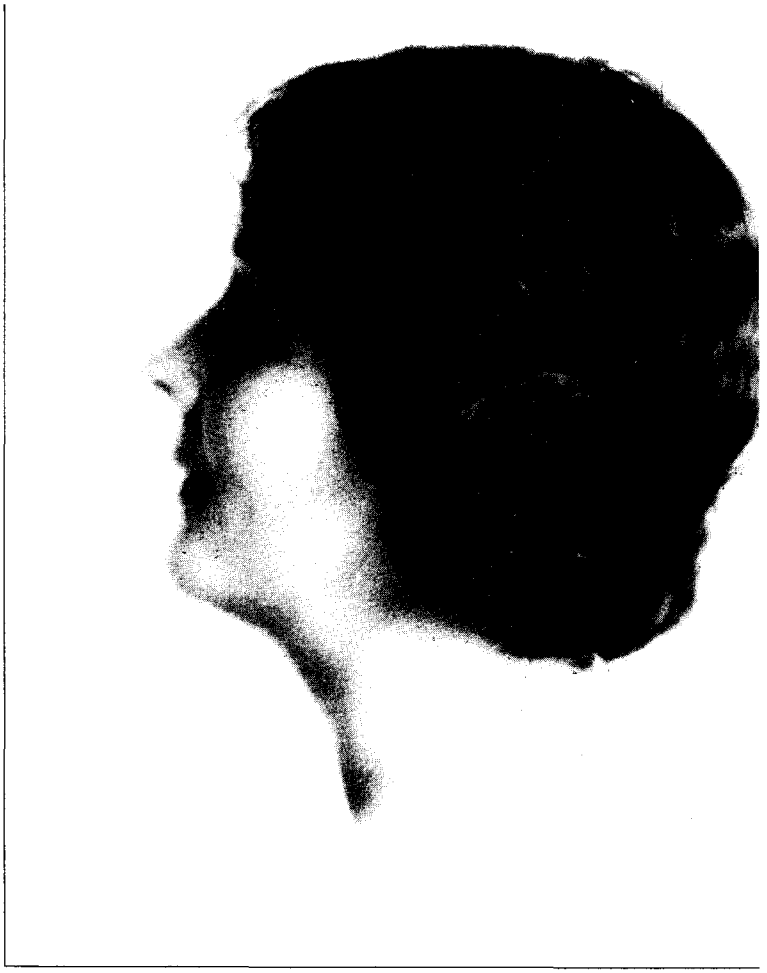

"She will help womankind to a new knowledge of the possible strength and beauty of their bodies, and the relation of their bodies to the earth, nature and the children of the future. She will dance, the body emerging again from centuries of civilized forgetfulness, emerging not in the nudity of primitive man, but in a new nakedness, no longer at war with spirituality and intelligence, but joining itself forever with the intelligence in a glorious harmony.

"Oh, she is coming, the dancer of the future; the free spirit, who will inhabit the body of new women; more glorious than any woman that has yet been; more beautiful than the Egyptian, than the Greek, the early Italian, than all women of past centuries—the highest intelligence in the freest body!"

She sought to free the bodies of women from the corsets and constricting clothes they had worn; her own dance costumes, filmy tunics cut along Greek lines and made of nearly transparent material, were designed to allow the greatest possible freedom of movement, as was the slight bathing suit she designed for herself when the standard bathing costume for women was a long black dress worn with black stockings and rubber bathing shoes.

She noted in her autobiography, "In Copenhagen what surprised me most was the extraordinarily intelligent and happy looks on the faces of the young women, striding along the streets alone and free, like boys, with their student caps placed on their curls. I was astonished. I had never seen such fine girls. And it was explained to me that this was the first country to win the vote for women."

Throughout her life, Isadora opposed the degradation and dependence imposed on women by the marriage contract and maintained the right of women to love and bear children as freely as they chose. (She married Essenin in Russia, where marriages could be easily dissolved; they married for the convenience of getting him an American visa.) "Any intelligent woman who reads the marriage contract, and then goes into it, deserves all the consequences," she said in a speech to the good bourgeois lady patrons of her Grunewald school, who when they learned of one of her liaisons said they would no longer support a school where the leader had such loose morals. This speech, she noted, "caused considerable scandal . . . and was considerably in advance of the Woman's Movement of the present day."

But Isadora Duncan was not a feminist in the sense that she campaigned overtly for women's suffrage or took any part in the women's rights movements of her day. "I am not a politician. I know nothing about politics," she declared, and said only that she, like all great artists, was a revolutionist. Her feminism was inherent in her art and in her life; her struggle as a woman was a struggle on behalf of all women.

Max Eastman called her a "militant and mighty woman." She argued for sexual freedom, for freedom in movement, in clothing, in spirit. Her intelligence and sensitivity commanded the respect of most of the artists, poets, philosophers and intellectuals of her day. She was far more than the sex goddess Vanessa Redgrave portrays in the movie. Isadora Duncan should be valued for the legacy she left to women who are struggling now, as she did then, to be free. It was Eastman who summarized this legacy: "All the bare-legged girls, and the poised and natural girls with strong muscles and strong free steps wherever they go . . . owe more to Isadora Duncan than to any other person."

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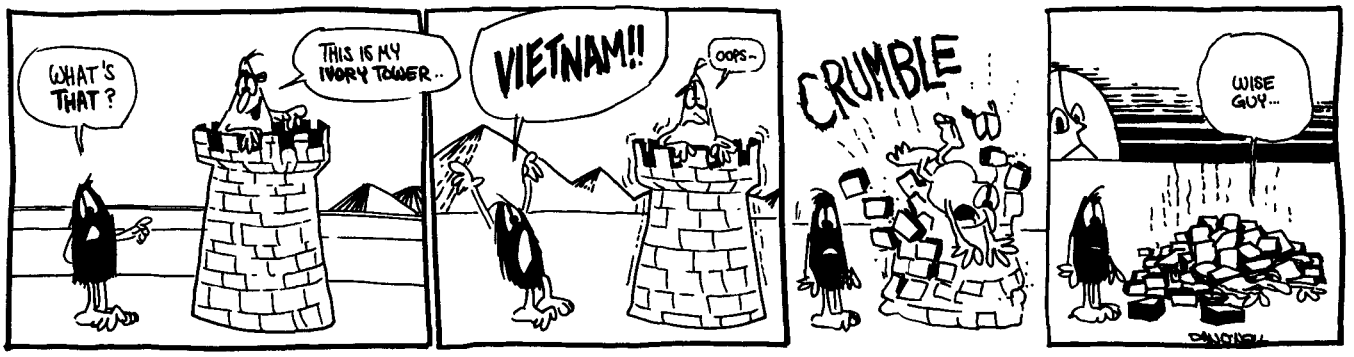
BILLION DOLLAR BRAINS

How Wealth Puts Knowledge in its Pocket



[I. ENTREPRENEURS OF HIGHER EDUCATION]

"Educate, and save ourselves and our families and our money from mobs."—HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, BENEFACTOR OF HARVARD, IN A FUND-RAISING LETTER, MARCH 1886

TODAY'S GENERATION OF STUDENTS, who at this very moment are being suspended, beaten bloody and jailed for their efforts to end the subservience of intellect to power, loosen up entrance requirements, create new departments and colleges and attempt to make the university more relevant to their needs, might be interested in knowing how the system got set up in the first place. It did not, as it might seem, spring full-blown from the head of the absent-minded professor. The development of the modern American university was not left to the natural bent of those within its ivory towers; it was shaped by the ubiquitous charity of the foundations and the guiding mastery of wealth.

On an autumn day in 1875, a solemn ceremony in Nashville, Tennessee, marked the opening exercises of Vanderbilt University, whose benefactor, the semiliterate Cornelius Vanderbilt, figures in Gustavus Myers' *History of the Great American Fortunes* as "the foremost mercantile pirate and commercial blackmailer of his day." (His first millions were pilfered from the federal government, in very modern fashion, through the corruption of post office officials.) Commodore Vanderbilt's New York minister, the Reverend Charles F. Deems, had come down especially for the occasion, and during the concluding moments of the ceremony he rose to read the following telegram: "New York, October 4. To Dr. Charles F. Deems: Peace and goodwill to all men. C. Vanderbilt." Then Deems, a true servant of the pulpit and the purse, gazed up at a portrait of the benefactor hanging on the wall and intoned the Holy Scripture, Acts Ten, the Thirty-First Verse: "Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God."

Cornelius Vanderbilt was not the only wealthy patron of the times attempting to earn his passage through the eye of the needle by bestowing alms on collegiate supplicants. John D. Archbold, for example, chief bagman for Standard Oil, cast his benevolent grace on Syracuse University; Mrs. Russell Sage, whose husband began his career by stealing a railroad from the city in which he was an official, blessed Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute with a new school of mechanical engineering; and there were hosts of others.

Prior to the Civil War, when the style of giving was still aristocratic and restrained, the largest single benefaction to a college had been Abbot Lawrence's $50,000 to Harvard. Colleges then were small, humble and well suited to their purpose as finishing schools and theological seminaries for the gentlemanly well-to-do. As the century matured, however, the rogues and robber barons of the new industrial age began to get into the act, demonstrating how paltry the conceptions

by David Horowitz

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of education had been in the preceding era. Rockefellers and Stanfords endowed whole institutions, not with tens of thousands, but tens of millions. The horizons of academe expanded. Greek and Latin, classical education, philosophy—these may have been fine for effete gentlemen but of what use were they in the *real* world? The real world, of course, was defined by the money which had suddenly become available for new and expanded institutions of learning.

From Stephen Van Rensselaer to Peter Cooper, from Charles Pratt (Standard Oil) to Andrew Carnegie, industrialists flocked to finance technological institutes which would honor and preserve their names (an important consideration for many who had amassed fortunes but no families) and promote the technical progress that would keep the money mills rolling. Nor was technology the only area of learning in which businessmen sought to open new paths. Joseph Wharton, a Philadelphia manufacturer of zinc, nickel and iron, was concerned that "college life offers great temptations and opportunities for the formation of superficial lightweight characters, having shallow accomplishments but lacking in grip and hold upon real things. . . ." To overcome the shallowness of the current college generation, Wharton proposed to the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania that they set up a "school of finance and economy." His plan was given a sympathetic hearing by the trustees. As one academic historian describes it: "The $100,000 Wharton offered to fulfill his proposal tempted the trustees into immediate acceptance"—and the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce was born.

Not only business schools and technical institutes but medical and other professional schools made their first appearance in this period. The college was giving way to the university. And the patrons of the new age were the captains of industry, the lords and masters of the times. The power of these men in education, as elsewhere, was a function not only of the size of their capital and their dispensations, which were gigantic, but of their aggressive dynamism as well. As givers, they became "entrepreneurs in the field of higher education."

The autobiography of G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, reveals that he was forced to break contracts at the orders of the founder, to reduce the scale of salaries because the founder wished to economize, and to add an undergraduate college to what he had planned as a graduate institution. This relationship was not wholly typical, in part because the president retained his independence of mind, even though he lacked the independent financial muscle to put his ideas into practice. Usually, college administrators were far more servile. Indeed, the attitude of the academic community as a whole towards its patrons bordered on sycophancy. The patrons of the university, being uncultivated themselves, often sought association with the men of learning. According to Walter Metzger, a recent historian of academic freedom, they received from academics "ornate courtesies of gratitude. They did not enter academe as intruders; they were welcomed into the realm and escorted to its high places by its very grateful inhabitants. Within the academic fraternity, to cultivate the goodwill of donors was a highly approved activity, betokening fine public spirit. To offend the bearer of gifts was an action sometimes defined as the deepest disloyalty and treachery. Cordiality was thus demanded of professors by the most compelling of motives—self-interest and the desire for social approval."

One of major Higginson's primary concerns in conducting his philanthropic campaigns on behalf of Harvard had been that the end of aristocratic tutelage appeared to be imminent, that "Democracy has got hold of the world, and *will* rule." How fortunate, then, that with a little sprinkling of the wealth that was literally pouring into their pockets ("Think how easily it has come," Higginson remarked to one of his correspondents), the wealthy donors could sustain a filial relationship with the teachers of society's elite and the shapers of its knowledge: "Our chance is *now*—before the country is full and the struggle for bread becomes intense and bitter. . . . I would have the gentlemen of this country lead the new men, who are trying to become gentlemen. . . . Give one-fourth of your last year, and count it money potted down for quiet good."

And if any ingrates tried to raise an audible note of discord to mar the harmony of Knowledge and Industry, of the ideal and the practical, retribution was swift.

During the radical upsurge of the '80s and '90s, a series of exemplary firings of liberal scholars took place, usually as a result of the professors having linked some of their abstract ideas with the issues of the hour (populism, free silver vs. gold, the monopolistic trusts). As the liberal English economist J. A. Hobson pointed out at the time, "Advanced doctrine may be tolerated, if it is kept well in the background of pure theory; but, where it is embodied in concrete instances drawn from current experience, the pecuniary prospects of the college are instinctively felt to be endangered."

Of course, no college administration admitted that it was interfering with the spirit of free inquiry. Far from it. The professors were dismissed, the colleges said, not because of their views, but because of their lack of professionalism, their partisanship (justification of the status quo was of course considered in keeping with scholarly neutrality and objectivity). While the threat of dismissal was to retain a certain utility as an instrument for inducing "responsible" academic behavior, in the long run the actual costs of carrying it out were to prove excessively high. The protestations the administrators were already forced to make showed that, as a method of sanitizing higher education, the presumptive sack was too crude for scholars, and therefore inefficient.

Where it is available, however, the carrot is always more efficacious and gentlemanly than the stick. As education became more and more bound up with the success of the industrial system, therefore, the nexus of control exercised over academics came increasingly to lie in the positive advantages which the established powers were able to bestow on a professionalism ready to serve the status quo and to withhold from "partisan" scholarship ranged against it. Advancement, prestige, research facilities, entrée into high society and later into government itself, were all reserved for responsible—and respectful—exemplars of the academic profession. Radicals were left to wither on the university vine.

Reinforcing this sophisticated approach was the appearance of a new institution on the educational scene, at once far more powerful than even Vanderbilts or Stanfords, and presenting a far less menacing front to the unsuspecting academic mind.

[II. ENTER THE BIG FOUNDATIONS]

"*The very ambition of such corporations to reform educational abuses is itself a source of danger. Men are not constituted*

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educational reformers by having a million dollars to spend."
—JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, PRESIDENT OF CORNELL, 1892-1920

"AS ONE REVIEWS THE RELATIONSHIP between institutions of higher learning and the major foundations during the critical first two decades of this century," writes a former division chief of the Rockefeller Foundation, "one finds oneself wondering if it is too much to say that the foundations became in effect the American way of discharging many of the functions performed in other countries by the Ministry of Education." The division chief need not have been so modest.

Between them, the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations (there were several of each) had an annual revenue which, as a congressional report of 1915 pointed out, was "at least twice as great as the appropriations of the Federal Government for similar purposes, namely, educational and social service." But the lump sums only begin to tell the story.

In the first place, while the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations decided on an expenditure of funds during this period which amounted to a fifth of the *total* income of colleges and universities, "When one realizes . . . that essentially all the funds available to the foundations were free for the encouragement of innovation while almost all the regular income of the university was tied to ongoing commitments, it is easy to comprehend the overwhelming significance of the foundations' part." (Robert S. Morison, a former director of medical and natural sciences for the Rockefeller Foundation.)

In the second place, while the foundation millions really represent taxable surplus that ought to be in the hands of the community and dispensed by a real Ministry of Education, they actually come from the charitable trusts in the form of "gifts." And this very fact transforms their power and gives them a geometric possibility known as "matching." The Rockefeller Foundation offers to put up $10 million but stipulates that the beneficiary must raise two or three times that to receive its benefaction. This puts the Rockefeller Foundation in the driver's seat, as far as conditions are concerned, and doubles or triples the power of its money. Thus, the massive endowment drives between 1902 and 1924 were inspired by the necessity of raising $140 million in order to receive $60 million from the Rockefeller's General Education Board. By 1931-32, it was estimated that the foundations had directly stimulated the giving of $660 million, or fully *two-thirds* of the total endowment of all American institutions of higher learning—colleges, universities and professional schools.

Furthermore, the potential for qualitative influence on the part of the foundations was enhanced by the fact that they were the largest single contributors to these endowment funds, and, more importantly, by the fact that as income sources they were *permanent* features of the educational scene, and hence their future goodwill had to be cultivated as well. This is probably the most subtle and significant new factor in the foundation approach to educational benefaction. For these are "perpetual trusts," and while a Cornelius Vanderbilt may die and leave his millions to playboy heirs no longer interested in the training of tomorrow's elite, the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations which were here yesterday will be here in the future, managed by active leaders of the business world who understand the vital role that an educational establishment can play in the preservation and expansion of their wealth-producing system.

ANDREW CARNEGIE DID NOT ORIGINALLY SET OUT to impose a general system of standards on American institutions of higher learning. Rather, he thought to make a grand gesture of generosity by using some of the millions he had stolen from the public through watered stock in his steel combines to ameliorate the condition of a dedicated and penurious segment of society: the college teacher. And so Carnegie announced that his Foundation would provide free pensions to all college teachers. It seemed like a very simple proposition.

But no sooner had the proposal been made than the president of the Carnegie Foundation, Henry S. Pritchett, advised the benefactor that higher education in America was in a state of utter confusion. Since, with the exception of a certification system associated with the University of Michigan, there were no general standards for defining a college or university, there was a plethora of conceptions of what a college should be. While among these institutions were diploma mills run solely for the profit of the proprietors—inevitable in a market system—there were also community financed and administered colleges, often set up by religious denominations and reflecting the needs of the communities themselves: chaos or freedom, depending on how you looked at it. President Pritchett looked at it and decided that "some criterion would have to be introduced [into the pension scheme] as to what constituted a college." After all, it wouldn't do to give a free pension to just any teacher. One must have standards. (Besides, there were economic constraints; in the end there wasn't even enough money to go around for teachers in the "bona fide" colleges certified by the Foundation.)

So the Carnegie Foundation announced that it was going to provide pensions for teachers in colleges; "colleges," according to the Foundation, were possessed of at least a $200,000 endowment (later this was escalated to $500,000) or, in the case of State universities, an annual income of $100,000—requirements which served to force the institutions into an even greater dependence on wealth. Colleges had strict entrance requirements, including so many hours of secondary education (these came to be known as "Carnegie units" and had a revolutionizing, and many would maintain damaging, effect on the secondary school curriculum). A college had at least eight distinct departments, each headed by a PhD (the beginning of the enthronement of that stultifying credential).

No institution that wanted to attract or retain quality teachers could afford to resist the Foundation's offer, and so these became the standards of the day. The process and its power was well exemplified in the Foundation's additional stipulation that institutions accepted into the program must give up their denominational affiliations. (In the broad university scene, this stipulation was subverted by the General Education Board which followed Carnegie's conditions in making its own grants, but chose to support the big denominational colleges while ignoring the small ones.) Among the colleges which gave up their religious character to receive Carnegie money were Wesleyan, Drury, Drake and Brown. Colleges which refused to comply with Carnegie and Rockefeller conditions were "left to die from financial starvation and other 'natural' causes."

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THE ENORMOUS IMPLICATIONS of this sequence of events were remarked upon by the Walsh Commission, which in 1915 conducted the first government investigation of the foundations (and their relation to the industrial empires of their benefactors): "It would seem conclusive that if an institution will willingly abandon its religious affiliations through the influence of these foundations, it will even more easily conform to their will any other part of its organization or teaching." (Provided, of course, that the influence is ever so subtly exerted.)

What has to be remembered is that the reforms which the foundations had demonstrated such an impressive power in inducing were all in fields of college activity to which they were not directly appropriating a single dollar. Similarly, for the most part, they did not themselves invent the standards which they were able, via the power of their purse strings, to impose, but *selected* them from existing proposals. Ivy Lee, the Rockefeller public relations man who was one of the pioneers of the new benevolent image of corporate America, had described for the Walsh Commission the importance of appearances. "We know," Lee wrote, "that Henry VIII by his obsequious deference to the forms of law was able to get the English people to believe in him so completely that he was able to do almost anything with them." It was the *forms* of law, of democracy, that had to be observed to achieve maximum influence and power. Looked at *formally*, the foundations were imposing nothing. They did not invent the standards; the colleges were at every point free to accept or reject them. Their own role was not one of compulsion, but support. They were even advancing the cause of academic freedom by making the professors more secure. In the appearance of things, as opposed to their reality (which was quite the same as if the foundations had the force of law behind their prescriptions), lay the chief danger of foundation power. For its very subtlety was its strength. Where overt control would have been resisted, these no less effective forms of influence were tolerated. In the realm of the mind, the illusion of freedom may be more real than freedom itself.

If in the period of its origins the university was heavily dependent on foundation support, it was no less so in the period of its growth. As the university system expanded and non-foundation sources of income became available for endowment and building funds, administration and teachers' benefits, and other areas in which the foundations had played a pioneering role, the foundation directors began to shift their sights towards the new areas of innovation and growth. As the above-cited former division director of the Rockefeller Foundation put it, foundation funds were now "increasingly reserved for new and presumably venturesome undertakings which, once they had proved their worth, would be taken over by the universities' general funds." It was precisely the availability of foundation funds for the "growing edge" of knowledge, "for experimenting with new educational methods, developing research programs, and demonstrating the value of new knowledge," that made it possible for the foundations to maintain their guiding role in the shaping of higher learning in America. For with few exceptions, and until very recently, foundation funds were the only significant monies available for nonmilitary organized research and institutional innovation in the academic world.

The ability of the foundations to dominate the margins of growth in the university system was viewed with a critical and prophetic eye by Harold Laski, shortly after he had spent a few tumultuous semesters at Harvard. The passage of time has only made his perceptions more acute. "A university principal who wants his institution to expand," he wrote, "has no alternative except to see it expand in the directions of which one or other of the foundations happens to approve. There may be doubt, or even dissent among the teachers in the institution, but what possible chance has doubt or dissent against a possible gift of, say, a hundred thousand dollars? And how, conceivably, can the teacher whose work fits in with the scheme of the prospective endowment fail to appear more important in the eyes of the principal or his trustees than the teacher for whose subject, or whose views, the foundation has neither interest or liking? . . . What are his chances of promotion if he pursues a path of solitary inquiry in a world of colleges competing for the substantial crumbs which fall from the foundation's table? And, observe, there is not a single point here in which there is the slightest control from, or interference by, the foundation itself. It is merely the fact that a fund is within reach which permeates everything and alters everything. The college develops along the lines the foundation approves. The dependence is merely implicit, but it is in fact quite final . . . where the real control lies no one who has watched the operation in process can possibly doubt."

REWARD is either of *gift* or by *contract*. . . .When of gift, it is benefit proceeding from the *grace* of them that bestow it, to encourage or enable men to do them service.
—*Thomas Hobbes, "Leviathan"*

[III. WHAT'S GOOD FOR HARVARD . . .]

"There are two great clichés about the university. One pictures it as a radical institution, when in fact it is most conservative in its institutional conduct. The other pictures it as autonomous, a cloister, when the historical fact is that it has always responded, but seldom so quickly as today, to the desires and demands of external groups." —CLARK KERR, 1963

ON PAPER, THE CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN system of higher education looks wonderfully diverse, a vast pluralistic sea of independent academic communities. There are more than 2000 institutions of higher education in America, 800 publicly supported and 1400 private. Half the publicly supported colleges are district or city schools, and two-thirds of the private institutions are denominational. If higher education were in practice anything like its appearance on paper, then despite the historical evolution of the university, its links to wealth and the ability of the foundations to dominate its innovational areas, the sheer quantity

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of institutions would cause the foundation largesse to be spread so thin that its influence would evaporate.

The fact is, however, that the American system of higher education is a highly centralized, pyramidal structure in which the clearly defined escalating heights intellectually dominate the levels below. Perhaps the most tangible indication of the rigid hierarchy which characterizes the academic community is the concentration of PhD programs in select prestige centers at the apex of the pyramid. For the PhD is at once a validating credential and the certificate of entry into the academic profession. It also represents an arduous apprenticeship in the accepted principles and acceptable perspectives of academic scholarship; it defines the methodological and ideological horizons which command academic respect and within which the "professional" operates.

Although there are over 2000 colleges and universities in America, 75 per cent of the PhD's are awarded in a mere 25 of them, institutions which constitute a Vatican of the higher learning, the ultimate court of what can and what cannot be legitimately pursued within the academic church. Most of these select universities—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the University of Chicago, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Stanford, MIT, Cornell—had emerged as dominant institutions by the advent of World War I. Together with such latecomers as the University of California, they form a relatively tight-knit intellectual establishment. As David Riesman and Christopher Jencks observe in their study, *The Academic Revolution*:* "These universities have long been remarkably similar in what they encourage and value. They turn out PhD's who, despite conspicuous exceptions, mostly have quite similar ideas about what their discipline covers, how it should be taught, and how its frontiers should be advanced."

The similarity of ideas and perspectives among scholars who otherwise lay strenuous claims to intellectual independence and ideological diversity presents no real mystery to the outside observer—the apprenticeship and training of academics within the centralized structure of the university system could be expected to produce no other result. The first stage in an academic career is the completion of a PhD, an effort which in the non-exact sciences can take anywhere from five to ten years, and which is accomplished under the watchful eyes and according to the principles and conceptions of the already established masters of the guild. Having completed the PhD, which represents his first serious work as a "scholar," the apprentice professor still has four to seven years of non-tenured status during which he is subject to review on an annual basis. This period of insecurity during which he is at the mercy of his tenured superiors (and in most institutions the university administrators as well) coincides with a time in his personal life when he has probably acquired a family and sunk some local roots. Hence the threat of being dispatched to the hinterlands should he fail to show—by publication of approved articles and further commitments of his intellectual energy and reputation—that he is still a responsible fellow and understands what is scholarly and professional according to accepted canons, is a real threat indeed. Especially when the action needed to dismiss him is the excessively simple and unobtrusive one of not renewing his contract at the end of the year. The Jesuits only asked for a human mind up to the age of seven years in order to control it forever; the American academic establishment has it to thirty-five. Is it any wonder that the product is generally so timid, conservative and conformist?

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE MONOPOLISTIC structure of the academic marketplace (a structure which neatly mirrors the economy on which it is founded) lies with the great foundations who at the outset of the university era made a calculated decision to create a "lead system" of colleges, which by virtue of their overwhelming prestige would set the standards for, and in effect dominate, the rest of the educational scene. Thus, while the foundations stimulated two-thirds of the total endowment funding of all institutions of higher learning in America during the first third of the century, "the major portion" of the funds they were responsible for were "concentrated in some 20 of these institutions." (Hollis, *Philanthropic Foundations and Higher Education.*)

Even more important than the concentration of endowment funds was the concentration of innovational and research funds, and funds for the creation of those facilities which provide the basis for a major center of learning. "The development of major university centers of research," an official account of the Rockefeller philanthropies explains, "became the most important part of the [Laura Spelman Rockefeller] Memorial's program. Chicago, Harvard, Columbia, Yale . . . and many others were assisted in developing rounded centers of social-science research. This frequently involved fluid research funds appropriated to the university to be used in its own discretion; aid to university presses; the provision of special sums for publication; grants to enable a number of the centers to experiment with different types of training . . . and various other devices for stimulating and encouraging the development of techniques and teaching in the social studies." In 1929, the chancellor of the University of Chicago, Robert Hutchins, summed up the achievements of this agency in the following terms: "The Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial in its brief but brilliant career [it was later merged with the Rockefeller Foundation] did more than any other agency to promote the social sciences in the United States."

The practice of concentrating funds in major university centers during this strategic period when the birth of institutions of research in the university complex took place has remained a permanent pattern of foundation financing. Thus the Ford Foundation distributed $105 million worth of grants in economics and business from 1951 through the first quarter of 1965, but 77.5 per cent of this went to only ten universities and five business-controlled research and policy organizations (Resources for the Future, the Brookings Institution, the Population Council, the National Bureau of Economic Research and the Committee for Economic Development). This has had an absolutely decisive effect in perpetuating the concentration of institutionalized knowledge which the direct endowment of individual wealth had instigated. In 1912, 51.6 per cent of the articles in the major academic journals of economics were written by economists from only ten universities. In 1962, although the individual universities had changed somewhat, 53.8 per cent of the articles were still being written

*This book, which purports to be a "sociological and historical analysis of American higher education" and which took ten years to research and write, makes only three passing references to foundations.

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at ten centers. Eight of these institutions were among those most favored by the Ford Foundation.

With few exceptions, of course, these major university research complexes coincide with the strongholds of the old wealth, the aristocratic centers of the American upper class (Harvard, Yale, Stanford, etc.). It is here that the channels to Wall Street and Washington are most open and inviting to the co-optable professor, and that social attitudes and traditions exert the most powerful and most subtle conservatizing pressures. (It is for just these reasons, moreover, that such schools can afford the flexibility that has earned them the undeserved reputation of being the most academically "free.")

ONE OF THE OLDEST of these centers outside the eastern Ivy League establishment (where the connections are well known) is Stanford University, down the peninsula from San Francisco. While by no means unique, the Stanford Research Institute (SRI)-Stanford Industrial Park complex built around Stanford University provides, in fact, the most up-to-date example of the new levels of intimacy which Wealth and Intellect (and latterly the federal Defense establishment) have attained in the postwar period. (Only one Stanford trustee is not a corporate director: John W. Gardner, former president of the Carnegie Foundation, former secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and presently head of the foundation/corporation-sponsored Urban Coalition.) William Hewlett and David Packard—two Stanford undergraduates who set up an electronics shop in their garage before World War II, got on the war production gravy train and eventually wound up with a billion-dollar military-industrial giant, the Hewlett-Packard Company—perhaps best exemplify the seamless web of vested interests which envelops this house of intellect.

Both Hewlett and Packard are trustees of Stanford and SRI, and both are directors of several large corporations in the Stanford Industrial Park. An impressive number of corporations in the park are in fact "spin-off" firms, resulting directly from research in Stanford's chemistry, electrical engineering and physics laboratories. Packard, who was recently named deputy secretary of Defense, is also a trustee of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation and the U.S. Churchill Foundation. Hewlett is a member of the President's Science Advisory Committee. Their positions of eminence in educational philanthropy and military-industrial moneymaking ("Profit is the monetary measurement of our contribution to society"—David Packard) are far from unique. Fellow SRI trustee and former Stanford University trustee Stephen D. Bechtel, of the Bechtel Corporation (builder of bigger and better military bases and longer oil pipelines), is also a trustee of the Ford Foundation. Another holder of dual trusteeships at Ford and Stanford is the Shell Oil Corporation, which has directors on the boards of both.

For the corporations involved in the Stanford-SRI-Industrial triangle, the relationship is pure gravy. Most of the industries involved are heavily research- and technology-oriented. The Bechtel Corporation, probably the biggest construction firm in the world, employs on a permanent basis (rather than under contract) only 2000 people, most of them high-grade engineers. The electronics firms are similarly intellect-oriented; in the words of one journalistic account of the success-studded career of a Stanford professor who became

I beg you to consider: if this is a firm, and if the Board of Regents are the Board of Directors... then... the faculty are a bunch of employees and we're the raw material.

—Mario Savio, before the FSM sit-in, Dec. 2, 1964

a moving spirit in the SRI and finally a director of Hewlett-Packard and other "Stanford" corporations: "The industry's raw material is brain-power, and the university's students and professors are a prime source." Stanford not only supplies its corporations with the raw material, but provides refining facilities as well. Thus, under a new program Stanford engineering courses will be piped into the industrial enterprises via a four-channel TV network.

For the enterprising professor and student, the avenues to corporate success are manifold. William Rambo, associate dean of Stanford's engineering school, has said that he expects his students to become executives and company directors. All this opportunity for personal advancement (and aggrandizement) must inevitably have its effects on education. Perhaps as insightful a commentary as any was contained in James Ridgeway's impressions after visiting the SRI complex: "Professors once sneered at businessmen and the profit motive," he wrote, "but since they have been so successful in taking up the game themselves, the profit motive is now approvingly referred to as the 'reward structure.' "

[IV. RIGGING THE MARKETPLACE OF IDEAS]

"*Mr. Rockefeller could find no better insurance for his hundreds of millions than to invest one of them in subsidizing all agencies that make for social change and progress.*"

—FRANK P. WALSH, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMISSION ON INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS, 1915

DOMINATING THE AVENUES OF PRESTIGE and supplying the main funds for social research within the universities, while providing the principal access to influence in the outside world, wealth has inevitably exerted the most profound, pervasive and distorting effects on the structure of knowledge and education in the United States. This has been achieved through lavish support and recognition for the kind of investigations and techniques that are ideologically and pragmatically useful to the system which it dominates, and by withholding support on any substantial scale from empirical research projects and theoretical frameworks that would threaten to undermine the status quo. (Exceptional and isolated support for individual radicals may be useful, however, in establishing the openness of the system at minimum risk.)

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Although it is an indubitable social fact that wealth provides the sea in which academic fish must swim, no self-respecting professor would admit to the full and unpleasant implications of that fact. Thus, Robert Dahl, former president of the American Political Science Association, and one of the most eminent beneficiaries of foundation support, while admitting that the foundations, "because of their enormous financial contributions to scholarly research, and the inevitable selection among competing proposals that these entail, exert a considerable effect on the scholarly community," maintains that "the relationship between foundation policy and current trends in academic research is too complex for facile generalities." (Of course there have been no systematic attempts by academics to investigate the cumulative impact of this relationship and discover even arduous generalities.) According to Dahl, "Perhaps the simplest accurate statement is that the relationship is to a very high degree reciprocal: the staffs of the foundations are highly sensitive to the views of distinguished scholars, on whom they rely heavily for advice." For a sophisticated analyst of political power this statement exhibits remarkable naivete. For it is precisely in determining which distinguished scholars (e.g., Professor Dahl or C. Wright Mills, S. M. Lipset or Herbert Marcuse) they choose to listen to that the foundations "determine" everything that follows.

The foundations themselves regard their funds as "risk capital" which can be employed "to demonstrate the validity of a new idea" (Morison). If the idea is successful, if the investment of funds covering facilities, research needs and salaries for collaborative effort establishes the idea in the intellectual mainstream, then full development can be financed from "normal" sources of capital (e.g., from the university budget, the corporations or the government).

A spectacular example of how the alliance between brains and money can become an unbeatable combination in the academic marketplace is afforded by the rise of the behavioralist persuasion and its offshoot pluralist ideology in the social sciences. Beginning as a localized academic phenomenon, with the benefit of the foundations' capital it ultimately achieved unchallenged national preeminence. The intellectual inspirer and organizer of the new "value-free," statistical-empirical outlook was Charles E. Merriam, and his department at the University of Chicago was the hothouse of its early development. Such stellar names in behavioralism as Harold Lasswell, V. O. Key Jr., David Truman, Herbert Simon and Gabriel Almond were either graduate students or, in the case of Lasswell, a faculty member, in Merriam's department before World War II.

A politically-oriented individual, as well as a political scientist (he ran for mayor of Chicago on a "Bull Moose" Republican ticket), Merriam began his organizing efforts in the academic world in the early '20s. As he himself summed up the crystallizing experience of his subsequent career, he had once gone to a high official of the University of Chicago and asked for a stenographer and other assistance in order to conduct an enquiry. The reply was that "the University could not possibly afford to aid all its professors in writing their books." The "answer" to this situation, wrote Merriam, "was the Social Science Research Building . . . and . . . the Public Administration Center"—both financed by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, under the direction of Beardsley Ruml. (Ruml, who went from the Scott Company to the Carnegie Foundation to Rockefeller, was later to become dean of the Social Sciences Division at Chicago.)

The Rockefeller-Merriam team did not limit its horizons to local academic projects. The Social Science Research Council was founded in 1923, largely through Merriam's and Ruml's efforts, with Merriam as its chairman and Ruml as a member of its policy committee. Over the next ten years the Council, which was made up of representatives from the American Political Science Association, the American Sociological Society, the American Historical Association and four comparable groups in anthropology, economics, statistics and psychology, received $4.2 million in income. Of this, $3.9 million was from the Rockefellers, the rest from other private foundations. With these funds at its disposal, the Council became the "greatest single patron or clearing house of patronage for the social sciences," and throughout the Hungry Thirties this patronage was used extensively in behalf of the behavioral outlook.

The idea itself, of course, was ripe for the times. But as Dahl has noted: "If the foundations had been hostile to the behavioral approach, there can be no doubt that it would have had very rough sledding indeed." How many equally ripe ideas lacked the risk capital to demonstrate their validity?

After the war, the behavioral movement got into full stride, as Rockefeller, Carnegie and the mammoth new Ford Foundation (which briefly set up its own Behavioral Science Division) got directly into the act, financing an unprecedented proliferation of ambitious behavioral investigations and expensive but necessary survey research centers to amass and analyze the empirical data for behavioral studies. By then it was evident that the collaborative effort had paid off. In 1950, the behavioralist Peter Odegard was elected head of the American Political Science Association, and in subsequent years behavioralists held the presidency with increasing regularity; from 1965 to 1967, the behavioralists Truman, Almond and Dahl held the presidency, symbolizing the fact that theirs had finally become the established outlook in the field. (In a survey conducted among members of the Political Science Association in the early '60s to determine their opinion as to the best political scientists of the postwar period, only one of the top eight was not a behavioralist.)

IN BACKING THE BEHAVIORALISTS, the foundation trustees had not only backed men whose goodwill they enjoyed (the very mechanism of grant-giving assures this) but whose ideas had a definite utility from their interested point of view. The emphasis on observable behavior, and the acceptance of the given socio-economic framework as the basis of analysis, together with a scientistic bias against the kind of theoretical probing which calls into question the basis of the status quo order itself, were naturally congenial to the men who put up the millions (as, no doubt, was the fact that behavioral information which the scientists gathered about "masses" exceeded that gathered about "elites" by a factor of 100-1, according to behavioralist Karl Deutsch).

Moreover, the information gathered in survey research into the mass behavior of consumers, voters, trade unionists and organization members generally, as well as the techniques (e.g., of administration) developed out of the research, were obviously very useful from a manipulative point of view to the elites responsible for managing social systems and maxi-

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mizing returns from the status quo. Behavioral studies soon were in high demand, from government to business directorates, from the military to the CIA. Indeed, the interest of the CIA provides one of the most bizarre and illuminating incidents in the history of behavioralism and its pluralist offspring.

One of the more important promoters of the behavioral mode within the American Political Science Association has been Evron Kirkpatrick, who has served as the executive director of the Association since 1954. Kirkpatrick's background for the job was interesting to say the least. At the end of World War II, he was assistant director of research and analysis in the OSS (intelligence). In 1946, he was assistant research director and projects control officer in Research and Intelligence for the State Department. In 1947, he became intelligence program advisor for State, and in 1948, chief of the external research staff, a position he held until 1952, when he assumed the additional post of chief of psychological intelligence. It was from this position that in 1954, Kirkpatrick was appointed executive director of the American Political Science Association. The political scientists seem not to have been at all curious about the background of their executive director until February 1967, when someone had the temerity to point out that Kirkpatrick was also president of a CIA-funded research organization called Operations and Policy Research Incorporated. (The treasurer of the American Political Science Association, Max Kampelman, turned out to be the vice president of Operations and Policy Research.)

When a group of political scientists at the University of Hawaii circulated a petition calling for the resignations of Kirkpatrick and Kampelman, it became clear that an investigation was in order. It was initiated by the president of the Association, Robert Dahl, and was conducted by four past Association presidents. These preeminent representatives of political science concluded that the Association "has received no funds directly [sic] from any intelligence agency of the government, nor has it carried on any activities for any intelligence agency of government." Moreover, "We wish to record our recognition of the dedication and services of these two men to the Association in the past and our full confidence in the value of their future services."

The notion that the only significant influences the CIA could exert through the executive director were the channeling of "tainted" funds or the use of the Association as a front or perhaps a spy network, represented a view of power that was astoundingly primitive.

The study of power, and the disbelief in its undemocratic and sinister concentration in American society, are of course the hallmarks of the pluralists, easily the most ideologically significant branch of the behavioralist school, and including such prestigious names as Peter Odegard, V. O. Key, S. M. Lipset, David Truman, Gabriel Almond and Dahl. These men have marshaled all the sophistication that the trade will bear to demonstrate that America is an effective democracy where no cohesive social group (and in particular no economic class) wields predominant political power in its own behalf. In a country in which six per cent of the population owns 50 per cent of the wealth, and where an upper class representing two per cent of the population holds majority positions in every significant institution of national power, the pluralists' panglossian views of American democracy are obviously worth their weight in gold.

[ATTRIBUTES CONTRIBUTING TO CAREER SUCCESS]

Attribute	*Rank*
Volume of publication	1
School at which doctorate was taken	2
Having the right connections	3
Ability to get research support	4
Quality of publication	5
Textbook authorship	6
Luck or chance	7
School of first full-time appointment	8
Self-promotion ("brass")	9
Teaching ability	10

This chart appeared in American Political Science, A Profile of a Discipline, *by Albert Somit & Joseph Tanenhaus (1964, The Atherton Press, New York). It was compiled from the responses of members of the American Political Science Association, when they were queried about the factors they considered important in "getting ahead" in their profession.*

Not so the views of the pluralists' main antagonist, C.Wright Mills, whose exposure of the "power elite" provided a whole generation with a basis for understanding the society around them, while bringing him ostracism and harassment from the academic establishment and a cold shoulder from the patrons of research. (Thus, while Dahl received $70,000 in grants from the Rockefeller Foundation in the wake of his pluralist study of New Haven, after writing *The Power Elite* Mills was abruptly cut off from foundation financing for his ambitious sociological projects.)

This points up what is perhaps the most far-reaching effect of the foundations' preeminent role in financing academic research, namely, the unbelievable dearth of organized information and systematic investigation of the men and corporate institutions that control the American economy, command the apex of the income pyramid, and dominate the strategic positions of power in the federal government. In the bibliography to *The Power Elite*, Mills lists eight studies of the American upper class which were useful to him. Not one of these was written by an academic.

The dearth has not gone unnoticed by the pluralists themselves. Observing that there is general recognition that business and politics have a more than passing relationship to one another, Robert Dahl in a recent essay draws attention to the fact that "during the past fifty years, only about a dozen articles have appeared on the subject of business in the pages of *The American Political Science Review*." Sociologists have not shown much greater interest, and at the American Sociological Association convention this year, they were justly excoriated by Martin Nicolaus: "Sociology is not now and never has been any kind of objective seeking out of social truth or reality . . . the eyes of sociologists, with few but honorable . . . exceptions, have been turned downwards, and their palms upwards."

HOW WIDE IS THE CHASM of academic ignorance about the dominant institutions of the American political economy? Let one example stand for many:

Dillon, Read and Company is one of the most

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important investment banks in overseas areas, and a major financial underwriter of that number one political commodity, oil. Not surprisingly, therefore, as a recent study by Gabriel Kolko points out, Dillon, Read partners, including James V. Forrestal and Douglas Dillon, have occupied 18 key foreign policy posts in the postwar period, including those of secretary of the Navy and of Defense, chairman of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, assistant secretary of State for Economic Affairs and secretary of the Treasury.

The interests which Dillon, Read partners promoted in Washington and the ongoing financial interests of the company were fatefully intertwined in the fabric of American foreign policy. For example, Dillon, Read played a major financial role in prewar Germany during the rise of fascism and a major political role in postwar Germany—preventing the deconcentration of German industry and arresting the de-Nazification of the German power structure. Economically, Dillon, Read was deeply involved in the struggle over oil in the Middle East and central Europe in the early postwar period; politically, it was involved through James V. Forrestal—a central foreign policy figure at the time—in shaping the Truman Doctrine and other key Cold War strategies in the same areas.

Nor did Dillon, Read's influence end with the Truman Administration. Douglas Dillon and Paul Nitze played important roles in both the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, in relation to major events in Europe, the Far East and southern Africa, where Dillon, Read is also a primary financial force.

In short, Dillon, Read is one of the most important institutions of power in America, a subject worthy, one would think, of a certain amount of attention from those who claim to be students of the structure and operation of American society and government. Yet as far as the 50,000 American political scientists, sociologists, economists and historians are concerned, Dillon, Read might as well not exist. There are 3,300,000 books in the library of the University of California. There is not *one* (academic or otherwise) on Dillon, Read and Company. The *Social Sciences and Humanities Index* is a cumulative guide to over 200 academic journals. In the last twenty-five years, it has not shown a single reference to Dillon, Read and Company. And Dillon, Read is not exceptional. Morgan Stanley, Brown Brothers, Harriman, First Boston Corporation and Lehman Brothers, investment houses of similar importance, go unmentioned. Then there are the law firms like Sullivan & Cromwell, with partners like the Dulles brothers and Arthur Dean and clients like Standard Oil, United Fruit and the internationally entrenched Schroder Banking Corporation. There is the Chase Manhattan Bank on whose board sits Douglas Dillon together with David Rockefeller and the heads of Standard Oil and AT&T. There is the incomparably important policy organization, the Council on Foreign Relations [see "Foundations," Part I, RAMPARTS, April 1969], which not a single academic has studied. Indeed, if one takes the two or three dozen law firms, banks and other financial and industrial institutions that make up what is euphemistically referred to as the New York establishment but is in fact the nerve center of the American ruling class, one will find that there has not been a single academic attempt to subject those institutions, their interest and power networks to systematic intellectual study.

Moreover, when one looks at the attempts that have recently been made to fill the gap, it is difficult to decide whether the advance is for better or for worse. Indeed, it is the positive effort to study business on an institutional basis (for only institutionally organized research can muster the resources necessary for such study) that demonstrates the full depths of corruption of the intellectual enterprise in the universities, a direct result of their continuing servile relationship to corporate wealth.

In 1964, a book appeared under the imprint of Wayne State University Press (Detroit) entitled *American Business Abroad: Ford on Six Continents*. In a laudatory preface, Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia University writes: "As the most complete and scholarly account of the foreign activities of a great American industrial corporation yet written, this book claims the careful attention of all economists, historians, and business specialists." One of the coauthors of the book is project director of the History of American Business Operations Overseas project at the Columbia University Graduate School of Business. In their own preface, the authors explain how the book came to be written and how the research, which required substantial funds for travel all over the world, was financed: "Important in the initiation of the project was the role of Henry E. Edmunds, Director of Research and Information for the Ford Motor Company and the head of the Ford Archives. Mr. Edmunds encouraged us to lay the project before the Ford Fund [a "nonprofit" foundation] which subsidizes activity in the public interest [!]. The Fund made a generous grant to Columbia University, and we have worked as salaried employees of the University. We have been accountable only to Columbia University."

Nothing bespeaks the corruption of the university so eloquently as the blank innocence of this preface: the subsidization of the investigation by the subject to be investigated, the initiation of the project itself by the public relations officer of the party involved, and the ingenuous disclaimer that these facts would affect the scholarly objectivity of the report since its authors were accountable only to Columbia University. Columbia University indeed!

Although the business school of every university is of necessity the extreme center of its prostitution to corporate power, we have here the self-exposure of a relationship which is clearly general. Can anyone honestly believe that the foundations, which are based on the great American fortunes and administered by the present-day captains of American industry and finance, will systematically underwrite research which tends to undermine the pillars of the status quo, in particular the illusion that the corporate rich who benefit most from the system do not run it —at whatever cost to society—precisely to ensure their continued blessings? And where will the venture capital to establish the validity of radical ideas come from? Not, certainly, from the universities, whose funds are still controlled by corporate directors, who hold the university in trust and administer it for wealth and power.

Researchers for this article were Harvey Cohen and Robert Cunningham. The author wishes to acknowledge the use of additional research material prepared by David Ransom of Stanford SDS.

Part III of this series tells how the billion dollar brains forged an academic revolution and with federal support created the sinews of a global empire.

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Back-of-the-Book

The Perils of the Pill

In April 1967, William Baird, a boyish looking thirty-four-year-old former medical student, lectured to 1500 people at Boston University. His topic was birth control. During the course of his talk, he held up a birth control pill for his predominantly student audience to see. Later, he handed a female student a can of Emko contraceptive foam.

As a result of these two dastardly acts, Baird was arrested almost as soon as he had stopped speaking and charged with "crimes against chastity." (Massachusetts law prohibits disseminating any birth control information, and giving away or exhibiting "any drug . . . or article whatever for the prevention of conception," excepting only a physician and his married patient.) In October 1967, he was convicted. He now faces ten years in jail, five for the pill and five for the foam.

Baird appealed to the Massachusetts Supreme Court in December 1968. A decision is expected momentarily, but Baird is not optimistic. A majority of the Supreme Court justices are between sixty and seventy-five years old, and a majority are Catholic.

The arrest came as no surprise. Baird had been arrested under similar circumstances twice before, once in New Jersey and once in New York. In each case, the trial following the arrest led to outmoded state laws being revised or declared unconstitutional. Exactly one year after his May 1965 arrest in New York, he was appointed a consultant to the New York state legislature on birth control problems. When he went to Massachusetts, it was partially with a view toward challenging that state's archaic birth control and sex laws—one of the reasons the Boston University students had invited him to speak.

Baird soon found that Massachusetts was different from New York and New Jersey. He had difficulty getting a lawyer to take his case. The Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union, which at first rushed to involve itself in such an obvious civil liberties test, later mysteriously backed off. The MCLU now acknowledges that it made a mistake. Planned Parenthood, a "respectable" birth control organization with a $12 million annual budget at its disposal, and which dislikes Baird's confrontations with the law, continued to bad-mouth him. Many of the speaking engagements he relied upon to feed his wife and four children were abruptly and mysteriously canceled. One of the few places that was not frightened off was Harvard University, which invited him for its Distinguished Lecturer Series. So Baird is recognized as an authority on birth control in New York and as a distinguished lecturer by Harvard, but as a convicted felon in the rest of Massachusetts.

While his appeal was making its way through the courts, Baird, in order to show the total absurdity of the Massachusetts law, had his administrative assistant, Billie Jean Blair, buy a tube of Emko foam at each of three Boston department stores. Like the student Baird handed the Emko to during his lecture, Miss Blair was twenty-two and unmarried. She obtained the foam without a prescription, which is technically illegal in Massachusetts. Although members of the Boston police vice squad witnessed the purchases, a criminal complaint against the department stores was denied by a Boston municipal judge. He gave no reason for denying the complaint, other than to say it was not appropriate for his court.

Baird is usually described by the mass media as a "birth control crusader." The description is not inaccurate. About five years ago, Baird saw a twenty-nine-year-old black mother of eight die after she tried to abort herself with a coat hanger. The woman was on welfare and did not want a ninth child. Because she was unmarried, she was not entitled to receive birth control information from city or state agencies.

Shortly after that experience, Baird set up the Parents' Aid Society in Hempstead, Long Island. His aim was to spread birth control information as widely as possible, especially in poor areas. He bought an old moving truck and converted it into a mobile birth control information center, calling it the Plan Van. Baird regularly took the Plan Van into poverty areas in and around New York City. When he began to test the New York birth control laws, he was forced out of his $20,000-a-year job as medical director at Emko Products. (Baird had attended medical school for two years, but had to drop out because of lack of funds.)

In September 1966, he took the Plan Van to Freehold, New Jersey, where a county supervisor was threatening to jail unwed welfare mothers on fornication charges. As he was talking to a woman in his van, showing her a diaphragm and describing its use, he was arrested and charged with being an "obscene person." This case led to the liberalization of the New Jersey law.

In the course of his crusade, Baird has lectured at a multitude of colleges and universities, including several Catholic institutions. He recalls with particular satisfaction a debate with a priest at St. Vincent's College in Latrobe, Pennsylvania. At the end of the debate, the students gave Baird a standing ovation, then booed the priest. At Boston College, a Catholic school not far from Boston University, the student body

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successfully defied threats from the college's dean and turned out in force to listen to Baird's talk.

People are often surprised to find college students in need of birth control information—it is generally assumed that this college generation is sexually sophisticated. "You'd be surprised how naive about sex some of those bright college kids are," Baird remarked. "Some of them believe they can prevent pregnancy by withdrawal. Others attempt to use the same prophylactic several times." He knows about the sexual misconceptions of college students because so many students wind up in his Hempstead clinic, seeking help in obtaining abortions. [See RAMPARTS, July 1967.]

WHEN HE IS NOT LECTURING on birth control or testing state laws, Baird runs an abortion referral service. He estimates that he helped 3000 women obtain abortions in 1967 and 5000 women in 1968. He says that 62 per cent of the women who come to him for abortion referrals are Catholic.

"I don't know how to explain it," he said. "Either Catholics are reluctant to use birth control devices and become pregnant more often, or else Catholics have a far more liberal attitude toward abortion than their Church does." One Catholic woman offered an explanation. Each time she took a pill, she revealed, it would be considered a sin. She would thus be sinning 20 times a month. An abortion, however, was only one sin.

It is encounters like these that bring the birth control crusader into headlong conflict with the Catholic Church. He has picketed New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral on numerous occasions, most recently when Pope Paul issued his now famous encyclical on birth control.

"If the Pope wants to tell his people about birth control, that's one thing. But when they use the power of the Church to intimidate governments into not disseminating birth control methods, that's war. The political arm of the Catholic Church runs roughshod over this country and other countries, and the victims are starving people all over the world."

Baird's critics claim he has a martyr complex. Baird flatly denies this, pointing out that the civil rights and anti-draft movements have used court challenges for a long time. He definitely does not want to go to jail, and he feels his only chance is to mount a strong public opinion campaign in his favor.

Thus far, few major publications and none of the TV networks have been willing to publicize his case extensively. He finds this disturbing because he has helped so many employees at the three major networks obtain abortions. "I really can't believe

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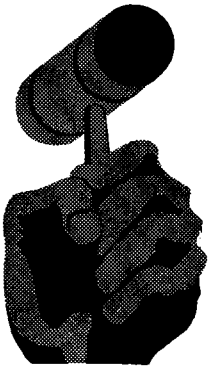

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they'll let me go to jail for ten years," he said. "People just don't seem to care."

Baird is aware that if he wins his Massachusetts case, it will go a long way towards knocking out many of the fornication laws which discriminate against unmarried people. "Unmarried people ought to have the same access to birth control information as married people," he believes. If he had his way, birth control devices would be available to all girls over thirteen, and they would be available in supermarkets as well as drugstores. He persuaded a Massachusetts legislator to introduce such a bill in the state assembly, but it has not gotten very far.

To those who raise their eyebrows at his suggestions, Baird cites a Department of Health, Education and Welfare statistic which notes that 5000 babies were born to girls under fourteen years of age in 1967. He will also tell you about the girl who came to see him after she had been thrown down a flight of stairs in an attempt to induce a miscarriage and save the family "honor," or those who have tried to abort themselves with knitting needles, straws, coat hangers, clorox and turpentine. —ART GOLDBERG

BOOKS

Making Marx Safe for Social Democracy

THE ORIGINS OF SOCIALISM. *By George Lichtheim. Frederick A. Praeger: New York, Washington. 302 pp. $6.95 ($2.95 in paper).*

GEORGE LICHTHEIM IS GENERALLY regarded as a man of the left, even as a dangerous radical by some of our more conservative intellectuals. Certainly his account of the history of socialist thought, particularly Marxian socialism, is distinctly sympathetic, and I found myself resonating pleasurably to his characterization of Marx as "a colossus in the midst of ordinary mortals." Yet this new book, even more than his earlier writings (*Marxism: An Historical and Critical Study*; *Marxism in Modern France*), shows the extent to which Lichtheim is an intellectual of the Old Left. This is shown by his consistent unwillingness—or inability—to appreciate the most radical perceptions of the theorists whose ideas he has chosen to explore, and in most cases to champion. Two of the more illuminating examples are his treatment of Marx's attitude toward revolutionary violence and his handling of the theme of sexual protest in the writings of the French "utopian" socialists.

Lichtheim follows a long line of Western liberals, among them Erich Fromm, who have seen it as their task to rescue Marx from his left-wing disciples in order to make him safe for democracy. This effort has taken many forms, but certainly one of the most significant has been the attempt to demonstrate that Marx was committed to a gradualist rather than a revolutionary tactic of socialization. This is not an easy position to defend with so many inexpensive editions of the *Communist Manifesto* readily available. Lichtheim's procedure has been to make a sharp distinction between Marx's thoughts before and after the revolution of 1848. The young Marx, he admits, did indeed advocate a violent proletarian revolution; in fact, he wrote the *Communist Manifesto* for a revolutionary organization, the German Communist League, which was preparing plans for just such an upheaval. But Lichtheim insists that Marx learned his lesson from the failure of the revolution of 1848. After settling in England, the "mature" Marx transformed revolutionary communism into democratic socialism; he then argued that the transition from capitalism to socialism would be the peaceful achievement of a proletariat organized into socialist labor unions and political parties, under the aegis of the First International.

This account of Marxian tactics certainly makes Marx more digestible for European and American liberals. But it does Marx no service, and it also does violence to the facts. Marx was a lifelong revolutionary. Lichtheim confesses as much when he repeatedly treats Marx's post-1848 revolutionary pronouncements and enthusiasms as "regressions" (for example, his endorsement of the Paris Commune of 1871). Admittedly, there *was* an important shift in Marx's tactical ideas following the failure of 1848. He abandoned any notion that the successful proletarian revolution could be a conspiratorial affair brought off by a small group of professionals. But in giving up the idea of a conspiracy, Marx did not abandon his commitment to revolution, even violent revolution. He merely argued that the revolution had to be the work of the entire proletariat: it had to be a public revolution, prepared for by the heightening of proletarian class consciousness in socialist labor unions and parties.

JUST AS HE PREFERS his Marx unrevolutionary, Lichtheim prefers his utopian socialists unsexy. To my mind, what makes men like Charles Fourier and the Saint-Simonians particularly intriguing is their refusal to distinguish between a critique of capitalist economics on the one hand and a critique of bourgeois sexual ethics on the other. Fourier's utopian community, the phalanstery, involved not merely a reorganization of the economy along collectivist lines, but the abolition of the patriarchal family, the emancipation of women from intellectual and physical subordination to men, and a massive escalation of sexual pleasure, in both quantitative and qualita-

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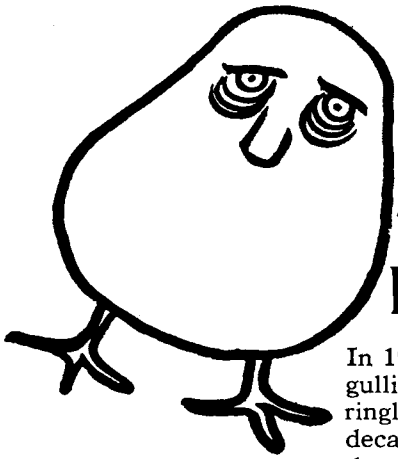

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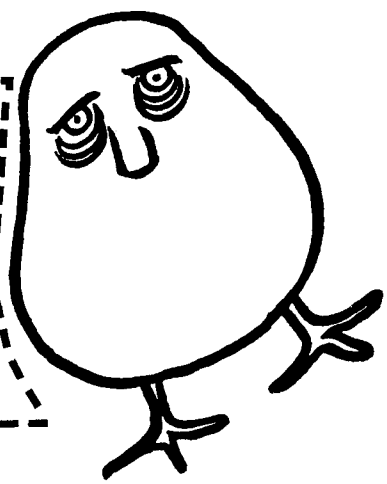

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tive terms. For Fourier, as for many of the followers of Saint-Simon, a truly nonrepressive civilization was one in which there would be—and I don't exaggerate—more and better orgasms. Lichtheim is aware of all this. He even has some kind words to say about the advanced sexual ideas of these thinkers. More characteristically, however, he recounts the sexual notions of the French socialists merely in order to illustrate their general quirkiness. And of course there's nothing like a few sexual anecdotes to enliven an otherwise deadly account of economic theory and political tactics.

Obviously Lichtheim makes the assumption that a critique of bourgeois economics must be carefully separated from an undifferentiated hostility to repression in general before socialism as a distinct intellectual and political tradition can be born. Almost by definition, this is true. But Lichtheim also implies that it was intellectually and practically *appropriate* that economic and sexual protest should have become separated from one another: the critique of capitalism achieving classic formulation in the writings of Marx, the assault on bourgeois sexuality awaiting the appearance of Freud and his followers. From this perspective, the fact that a thinker like Fourier opted to take on both of these evils appears to Lichtheim to be primarily the result of an intellectual confusion, of an inability to discriminate.

It never occurs to Lichtheim to ask what Fourier and the Saint-Simonians considered the inner connection between bourgeois economics and sexual repression. Some of Freud's more radical disciples have concerned themselves with precisely this inner connection—Wilhelm Reich, for one—and their work has been greeted (if at all) as a *synthesis* of the perceptions of Marx and Freud. Yet this "synthesis" was already a reality in the early years of the 19th century, before its components were separated out by Marx and other "scientific" socialist thinkers. When viewed in this light, the union of political and erotic protest which is evident in some of the thinking and doing of the New Left ("Make Love, Not War!") looks more like a *re*union.

A genuinely radical history of socialist thought, conceived in the broadest sense as a critique of bourgeois society in all its aspects, would have to take the French utopians a good deal more seriously than does Lichtheim. It would have to begin with the assumption that their work was something more than a grab bag of dissenting opinions. Above all, such a history would have to pursue the utopians' vision of the inner logic of economic and sexual repressiveness in capitalist society. Lichtheim, however, has preferred to offer us a more conventional account of the origins of European radicalism.

—PAUL ROBINSON

CORRESPONDENCE

["SCAB TEACHERS"]

SIRS: I thought your article on the New York teachers' strike [" 'Scab' Teachers," RAMPARTS, November 17, 1968] was an excellent and greatly needed one. It touched on a number of points which were completely obliterated by the mass media in and out of New York City.

In the coverage of any radical situation, what is so often left out is the background information, describing that which led up to the confrontation. In the Columbia sit-in last spring, very few people were aware of the two-and-one-half-year attempt through "accepted" means to bring about a solution to the problem; this lack of background information is likewise true with the Ocean Hill-Brownsville situation.

Originally, there was no cry for local community control of schools. The goal of the black communities was for well-integrated schools; it was evident that where there was a large enough white student body, the education was far superior. Hence, Intermediate School 201 (encompassing sixth through eighth graders) was created. However, this school was built in the middle of Harlem, which impelled the existence of a predominantly black school. The local people began to believe that as long as the city and the central board of education were out to maintain the segregated school districts, the only way to improve the educational standards was by the community's controlling these districts.

A frightening result of this strike is the growing polarization. At a meeting in Queens of parents and teachers—primarily white middle-class liberals—the audience cheered racist remarks and physically and verbally threatened the students who were there in opposition to the strike.

Shanker's power hang-up is evident in his constant unwillingness to comply with any solutions to the crisis other than the complete death of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville board, the firing of Rhody McCoy and the eight principals, and the perhaps permanent closing of Junior High School 271.

Unfortunately there is not complete support for the local school board even in the New Left in NYC. Several members of left organizations, including SDS, are still confused on the issues. Several teachers—radical teachers—are staying home. They do not join the picket lines, but they will not aid those who are trying to open the schools.

Complete community control is not the answer. In the black communities it might work, but in the white working-class communities of the city, such control might have frightening results. There is an urgent need for white radicals to teach in these communi-

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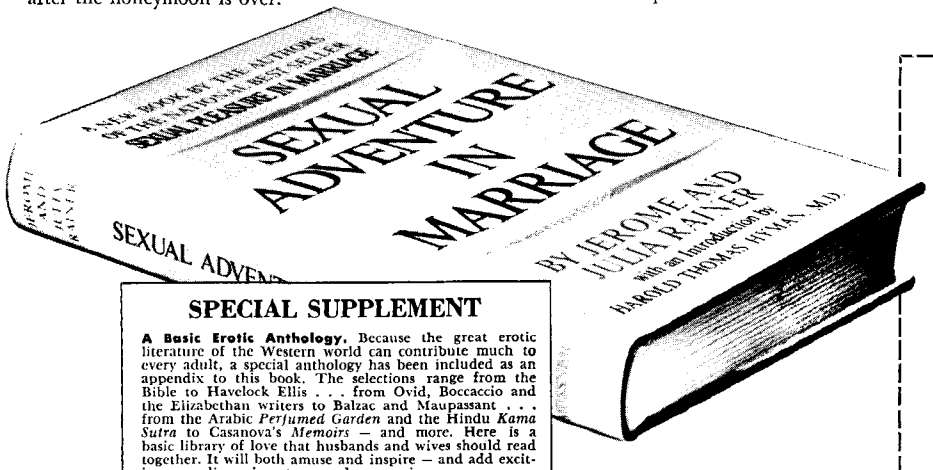

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ties. A radical would not be allowed to teach there, for the bosses of the communities would see to it that only those who continue to believe in "law and order" and who teach "subtle" racism would be allowed to remain.

What is needed is a parent-teacher alliance to fight the racist union leadership of Shanker and his cohorts. The teachers must join with the parents to fight against the city and the central board for quality education for all students. Only then will there be true job security for the teachers and a real educational opportunity for the children of New York City.

JODY D. STEIGER
New York City

[THE BROTHER IS BEAUTIFUL]

SIRS: I would like to commend RAMPARTS for publishing Eldridge Cleaver's simple, straightforward, and profound address [RAMPARTS, December 14-28, 1968]. What the brother had to say was beautiful. I could not say that very many other publications would print his entire speech without taking bits and pieces out of context.

The Black Panthers aren't what the Man wants people to believe—a back-street gang of hoodlums. Whites who fear angry black persons will readily accept this slander, giving the Honkies a crutch on which their racism can stand. If the gullible Negro is game for Whitey's deceit, he will only be adding more "dead" weight to an already unbalanced social, political and economic scale. The Man already has a majority of like supporters. But if he can win unlike support by turning black people against black people, he needn't ever worry about "what to do with the niggers."

It's an inevitable probability that Cleaver knew the Man's reasons for obliteration: anything and anybody talking "truth" (especially in a way the brothers and sisters understand it) is a threat to Whitey's power as an authority; his authority as a leader; his leadership as a *white* man. But the black masses are coming to understand his authority, his "leadership," and his whiteness as all being a part of his program to keep them down.

This is why Whitey fears and hates Eldridge Cleaver, and brothers and sisters like him. The Honkie is now being *seen* despite his flimsy camouflage. This is the message in part that Cleaver brings to the people, and why the Man wants to shut him up. But he cannot shut up what he cannot find.

RICHARD E. FUDGE
Brunswick, Maine

[THE CHALLENGE OF CHAOS]

SIRS: Hurrah for Ben Shahn's "Defense of Chaos" in the December 14-28 issue. Few people admit to the positive character of chaos, because they associate chaos with violence (Law and Order naturally never resort to violence!) and with the "anarchistic" elements of youth and communism. Chaos challenges our musty dream of "everything in its place." It not only reminds us of our human frailties but also of our possibilities. It breaks apart the air-conditioned, well-oiled, warm trap that words can keep us in, reminding us that forces beyond the order of words shape our lives.

Real art does more than feed and pet chaos. Real art shows the bones of chaos through the skin of words or paint or dramatic lines. Artists like Ben Shahn, Günter Grass and Peter Weiss, to name a few, call the dragon Chaos by its right name and praise it for liberating man from his comfortable coffin.

Thanks for giving Ben Shahn a platform.

CAROL L. EDWARDS
Lynchburg, Virginia

[AD-NAUSEAM]

SIRS: Just how seriously does a magazine like yours expect to be taken, by other people besides acid heads, when it carries ads for such items as Oil of Love at $4 a bottle. Even Sepia, which makes no pretense of writing for the brain-bin population, gets chewed out once in a while for carrying that kind of advertising. But I've never seen an ad in Sepia for anything as revolting as "Marijuana Consumer Guide," advertised in the December 14-28 issue of RAMPARTS.

I think you've said enough on the subject of Che Guevara and also you might give us a rest from Eldridge Cleaver.

The piece about Litton Industries was terrific.

CLARA LEAKE
Washington, D.C.

[THE SLOW LERNER]

SIRS: Your reproduction of Sorel's Bestiary in your January 25-February 7 issue was appropriate. And the inclusion of the "Common Boar (or Slow Lerner)" is even more timely now than when it originally appeared; its description of Lerner as "known for swimming along with the tide" is beautifully sustained by the man's current writing in the New York Post.

With little more than a month passed since the inauguration, Lerner's lips are now firmly glued to Nixon's ass. Anything that Nixon does as President, however repressive, however third-rate in its conception or opportunistic in its timing, will find its apologist in Lerner, who seems to have one overriding concern: self-protection, no matter what happens to others, and no matter what democratic processes are violated.

T. E. WILSON
New York City

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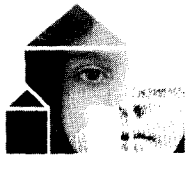

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